HYMNAL

METHODIST CONFERENCE
ON
FAMILY LIFE
OCTOBER 19-21, 1962
CHICAGO

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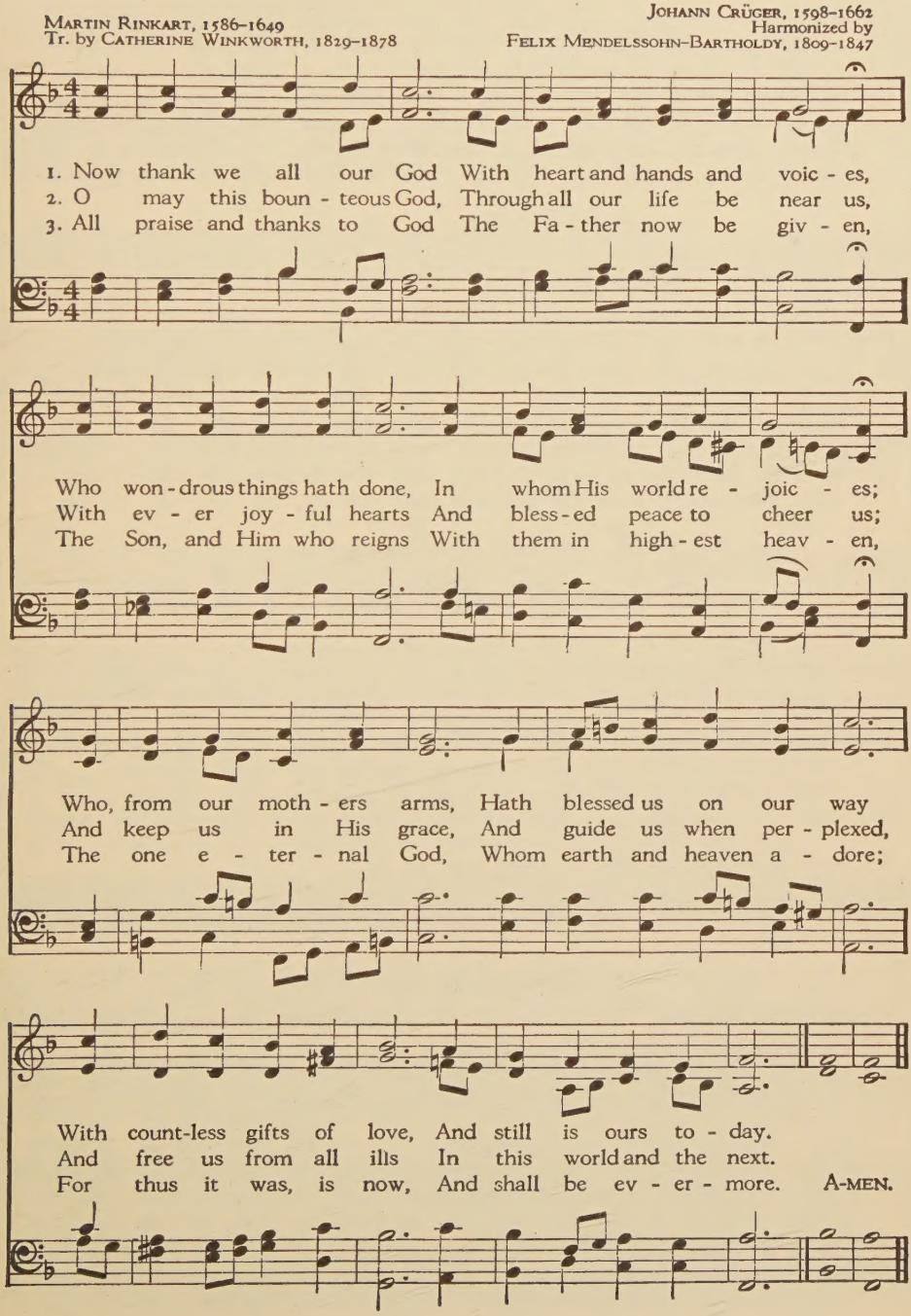
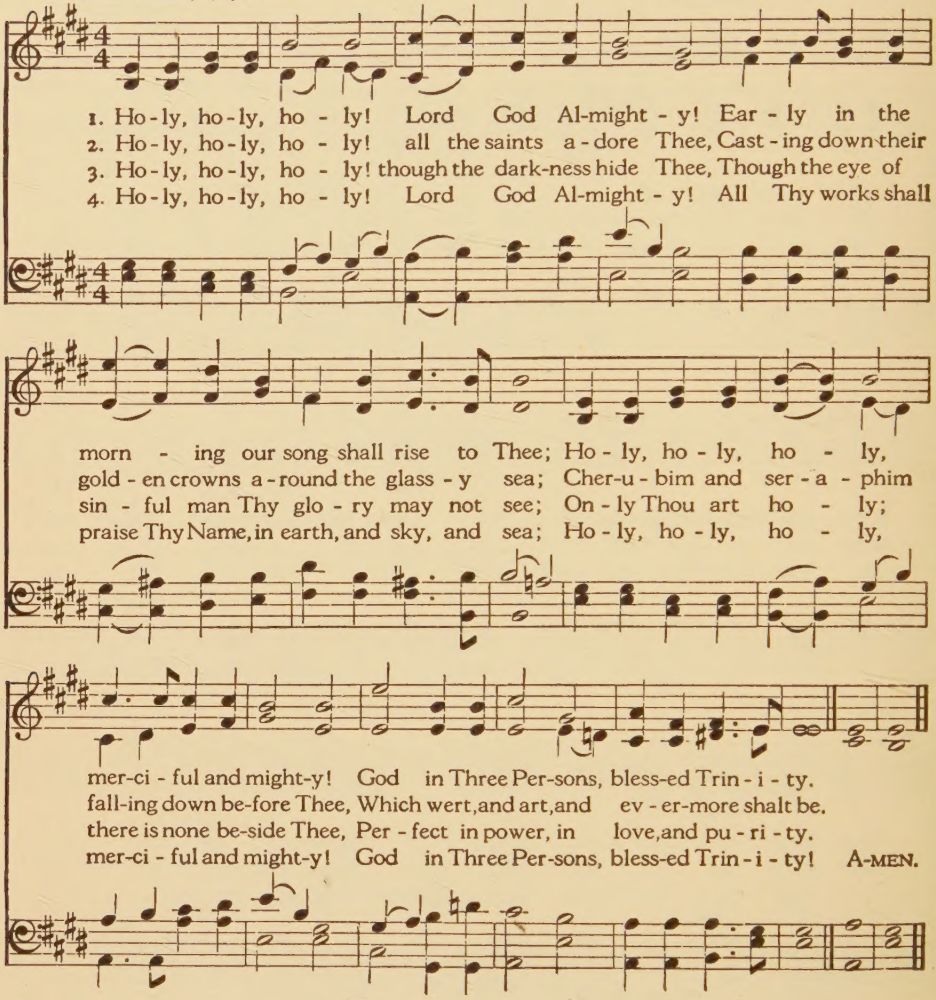
Now Thank We All Our God 1


Martin Rinkart, 1586–1649
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878
Johann Crüger, 1598–1662
Harmonized by
Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, 1809–1847
1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic - es,
2. O may this boun - teous God, Through all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en,
Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us;
The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - en,
Who, from our moth - ers arms, Hath blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per - plexed,
The one e - ter - nal God, Whom earth and heaven a - dore;
With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more. A-MEN.

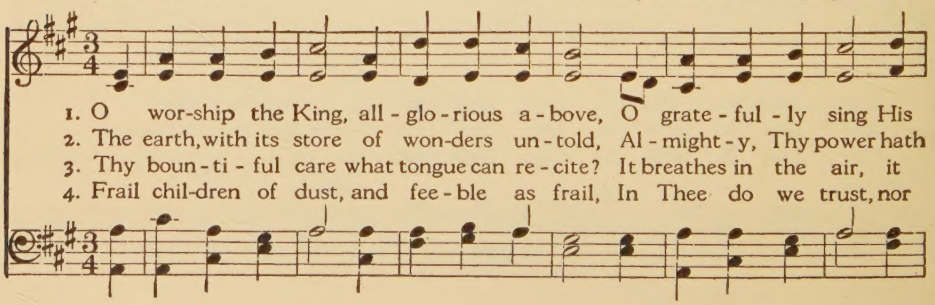
2 Holy, Holy, Holy!

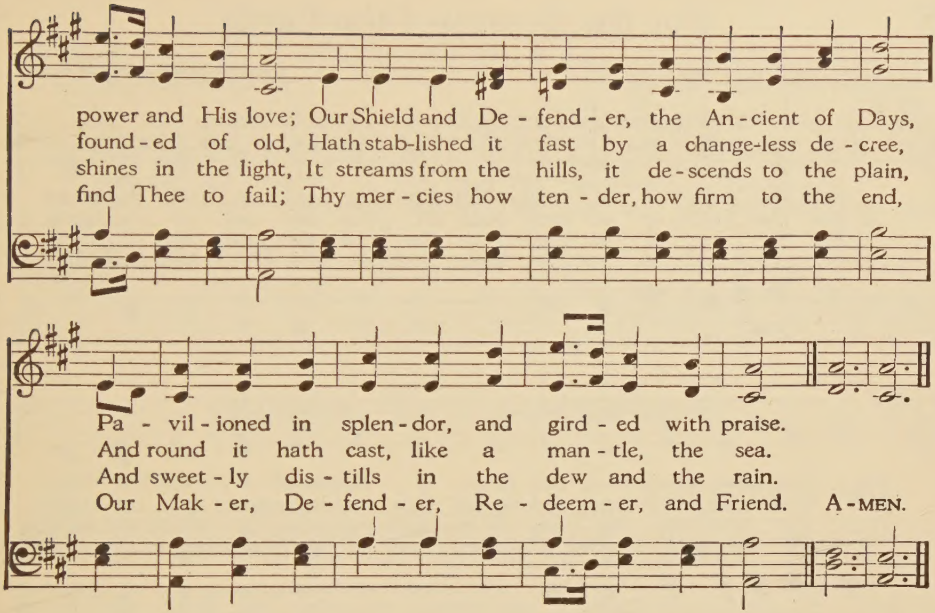
REGINALD HEBER, 1783–1826 JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! though the dark-ness hide Thee, Though the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher-u - bim and ser - a - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
mer-ci - ful and might-y! God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
mer-ci - ful and might-y! God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! A-MEN.

3 O Worship the King

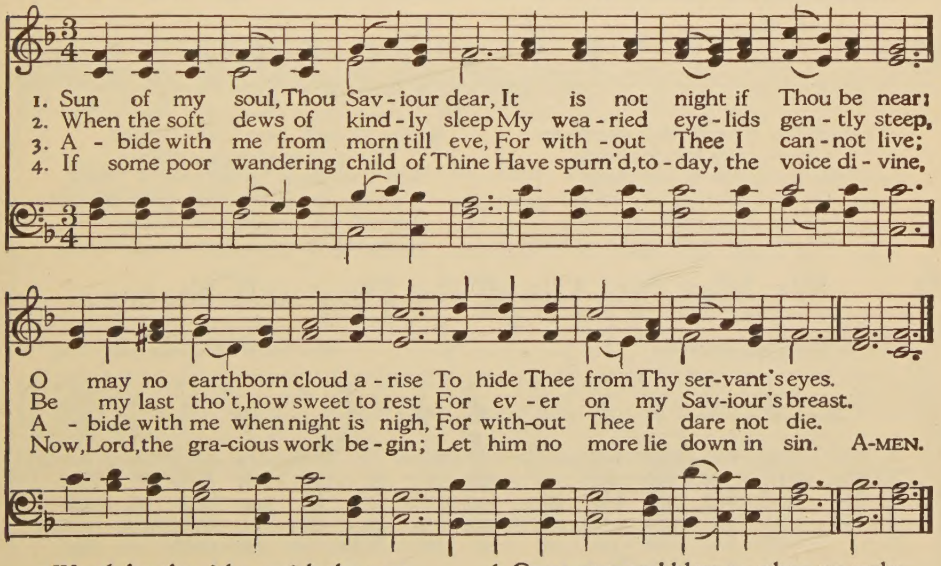
ROBERT GRANT, 1785–1838 Adapted from JOHANN M. HAYDN, 1737–1806


1. O wor-ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove, O grate - ful - ly sing His
2. The earth, with its store of won-ders un - told, Al - might - y, Thy power hath
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air, it
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor


power and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of Days,
found - ed of old, Hath stab-lished it fast by a change-less de - cree,
shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain,
find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how firm to the end,
Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
And round it hath cast, like a man - tle, the sea.
And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend. A - MEN.

Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear 4

JOHN KEBLE, 1792–1866 Adapted from KATHOLISCHES GESANGBUCH, c. 1774


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurn'd, to - day, the voice di - vine,
O may no earthborn cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For ev - er on my Sav-iour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gra-cious work be - gin; Let him no more lie down in sin. A-MEN.

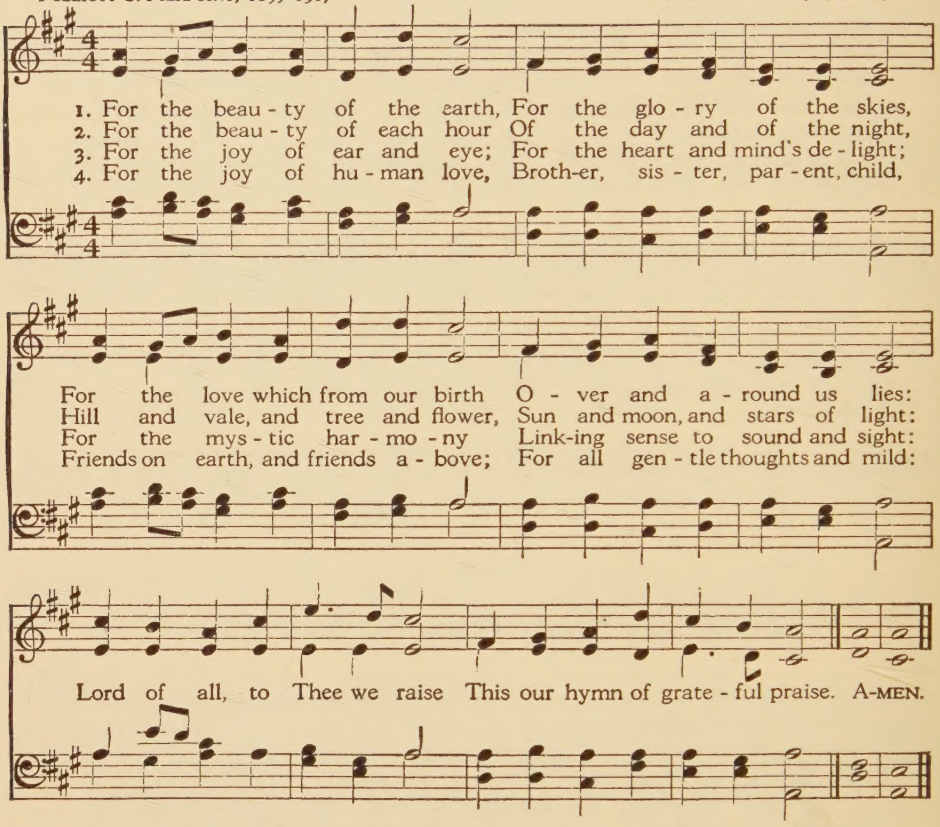
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

5 For the Beauty of the Earth

FOLLIOTT S. PIERPOINT, 1835–1917

Abridged from a chorale by
CONRAD KOCHER, 1786–1872


1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the glo - ry of the skies,
2. For the beau - ty of each hour Of the day and of the night,
3. For the joy of ear and eye; For the heart and mind's de - light;
4. For the joy of hu - man love, Broth-er, sis - ter, par - ent, child,
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies:
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, Sun and moon, and stars of light:
For the mys - tic har - mo - ny Link-ing sense to sound and sight:
Friends on earth, and friends a - bove; For all gen - tle thoughts and mild:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise. A-MEN.

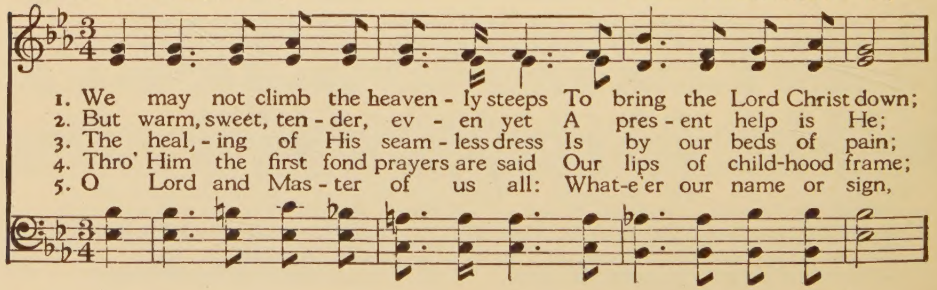
5 For Thy church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

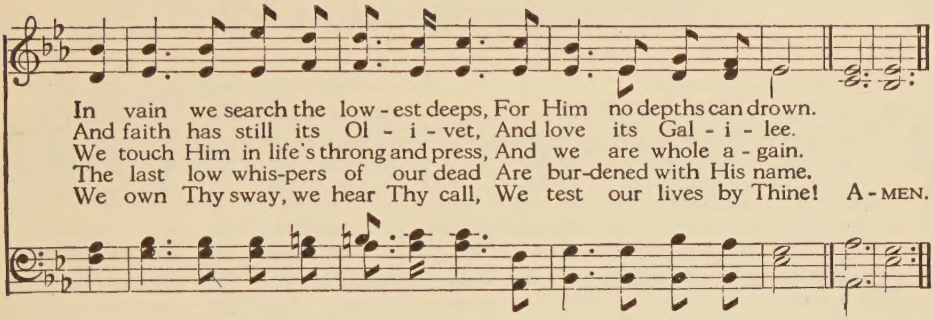
6 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given;
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven:
Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

6 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1807–1892

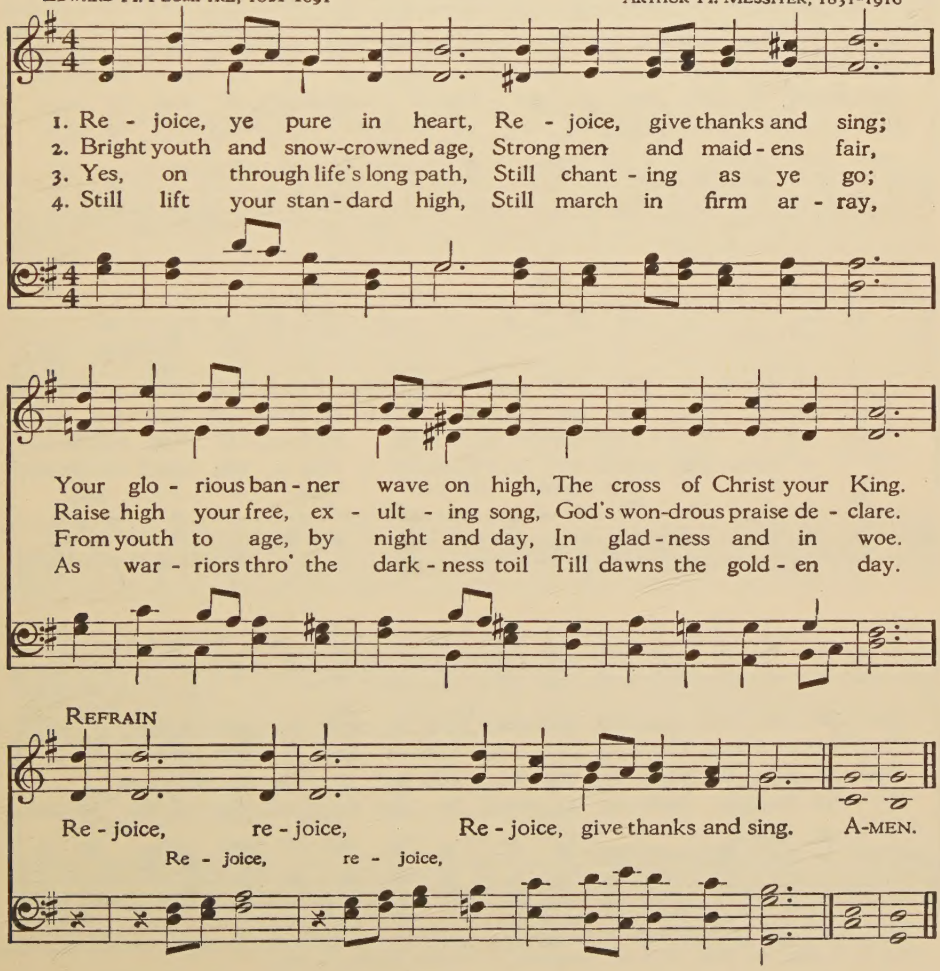
WILLIAM V. WALLACE, 1814–1865


1. We may not climb the heaven - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, ev - en yet A pres - ent help is He;
3. The heal, - ing of His seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of child-hood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all: What-e'er our name or sign,

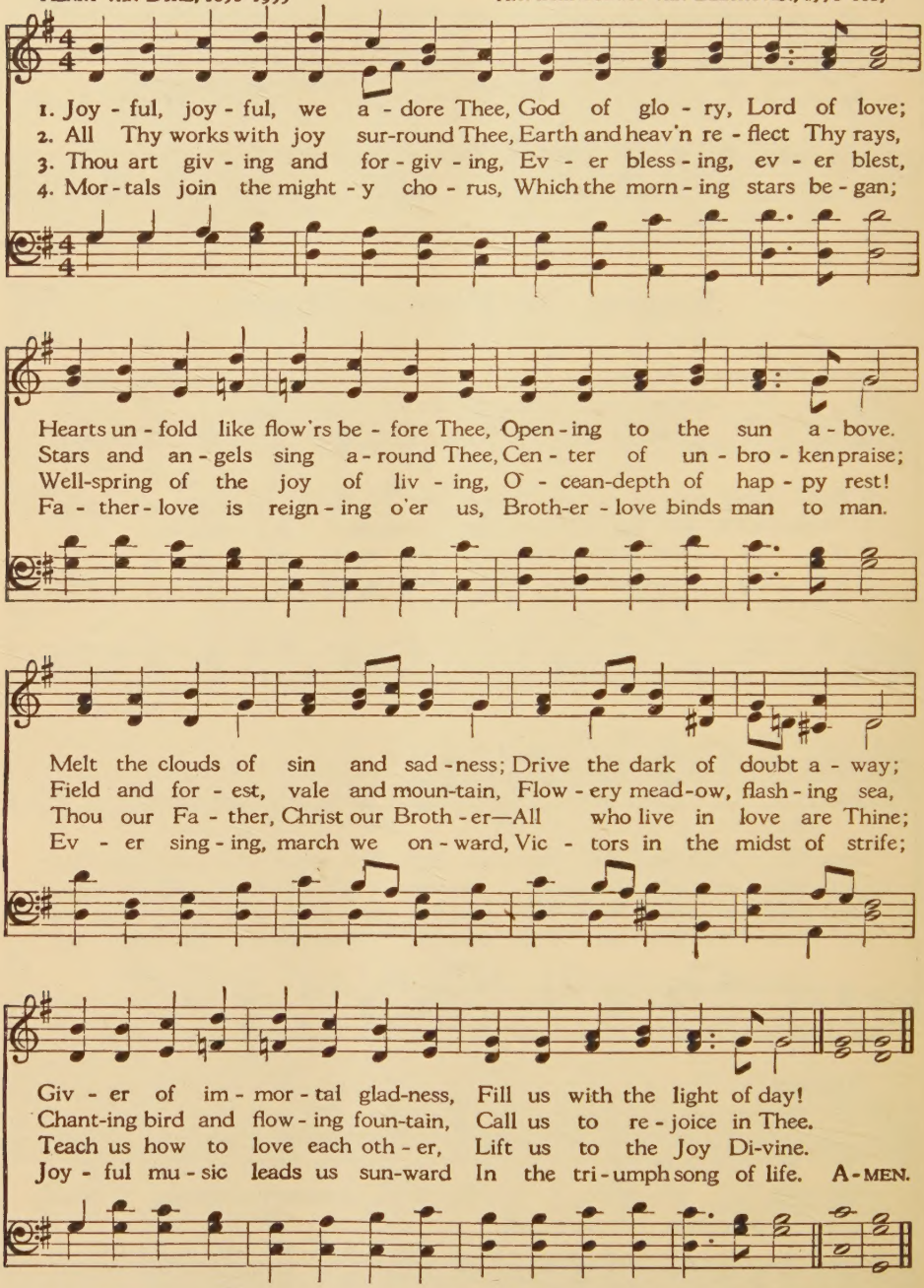

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
The last low whis-pers of our dead Are bur-dened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine! A - MEN.

Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart 7

EDWARD H. PLUMPTRE, 1821-1891 ARTHUR H. MESSITER, 1831-1916


1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing;
2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maid - ens fair,
3. Yes, on through life's long path, Still chant - ing as ye go;
4. Still lift your stan - dard high, Still march in firm ar - ray,
Your glo - rious ban - ner wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.
Raise high your free, ex - ult - ing song, God's won-drous praise de - clare.
From youth to age, by night and day, In glad - ness and in woe.
As war - riors thro' the dark - ness toil Till dawns the gold - en day.
REFRAIN
Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing. A-MEN.
Re - joice, re - joice,

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee

HENRY VAN DYKE, 1852–1933 — Arr. from LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, 1770–1827

1. Joy - ful, joy - ful, we a - dore Thee, God of glo - ry, Lord of love;
2. All Thy works with joy sur-round Thee, Earth and heav'n re - flect Thy rays,
3. Thou art giv - ing and for - giv - ing, Ev - er bless - ing, ev - er blest,
4. Mor - tals join the might - y cho - rus, Which the morn - ing stars be - gan;
Hearts un - fold like flow'rs be - fore Thee, Open - ing to the sun a - bove.
Stars and an - gels sing a - round Thee, Cen - ter of un - bro - ken praise;
Well-spring of the joy of liv - ing, O - cean-depth of hap - py rest!
Fa - ther - love is reign - ing o'er us, Broth-er - love binds man to man.
Melt the clouds of sin and sad - ness; Drive the dark of doubt a - way;
Field and for - est, vale and moun-tain, Flow - ery mead-ow, flash - ing sea,
Thou our Fa - ther, Christ our Broth - er—All who live in love are Thine;
Ev - er sing - ing, march we on - ward, Vic - tors in the midst of strife;
Giv - er of im - mor - tal glad-ness, Fill us with the light of day!
Chant-ing bird and flow - ing foun-tain, Call us to re - joice in Thee.
Teach us how to love each oth - er, Lift us to the Joy Di-vine.
Joy - ful mu - sic leads us sun-ward In the tri - umph song of life. A - MEN.

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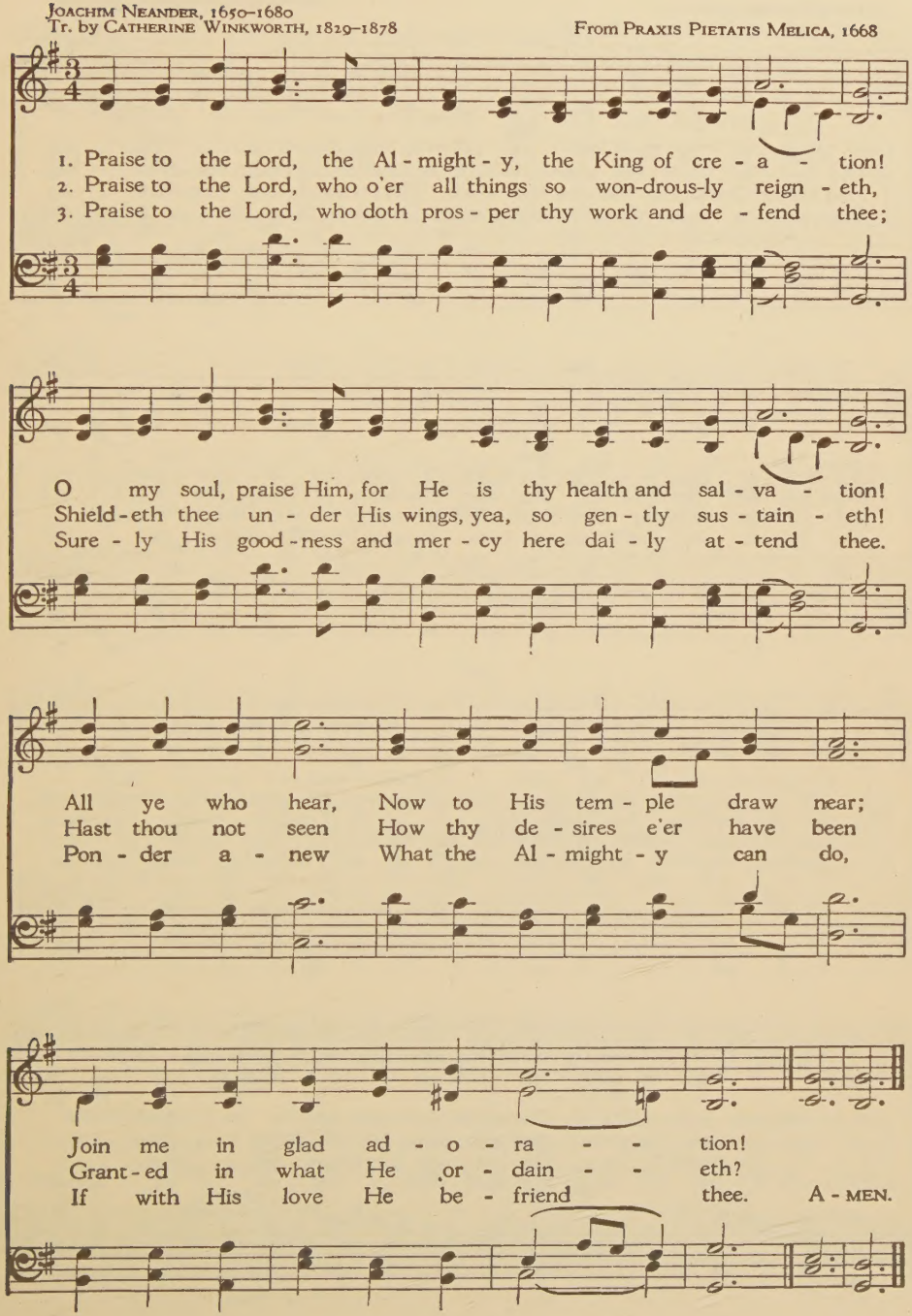
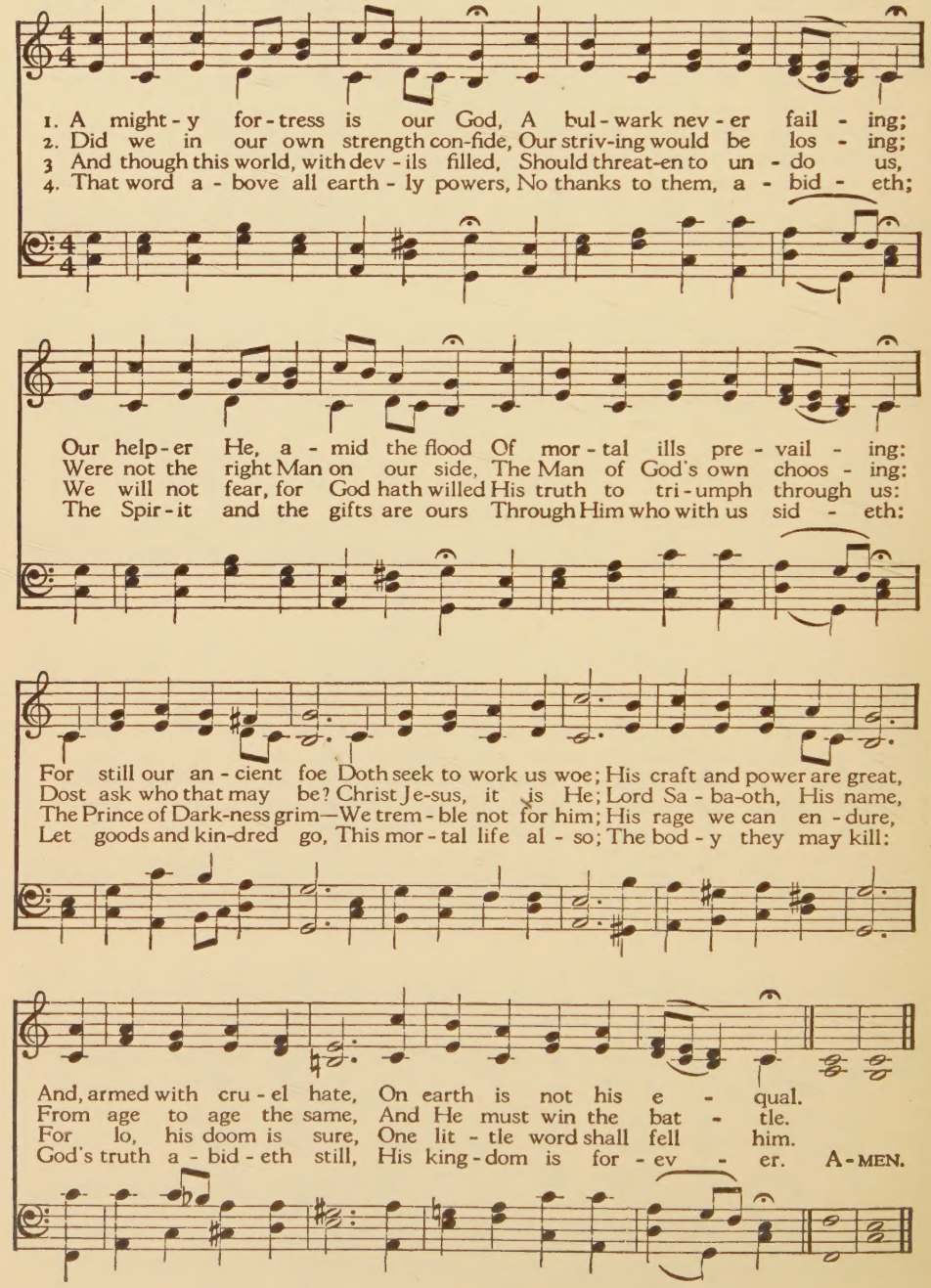
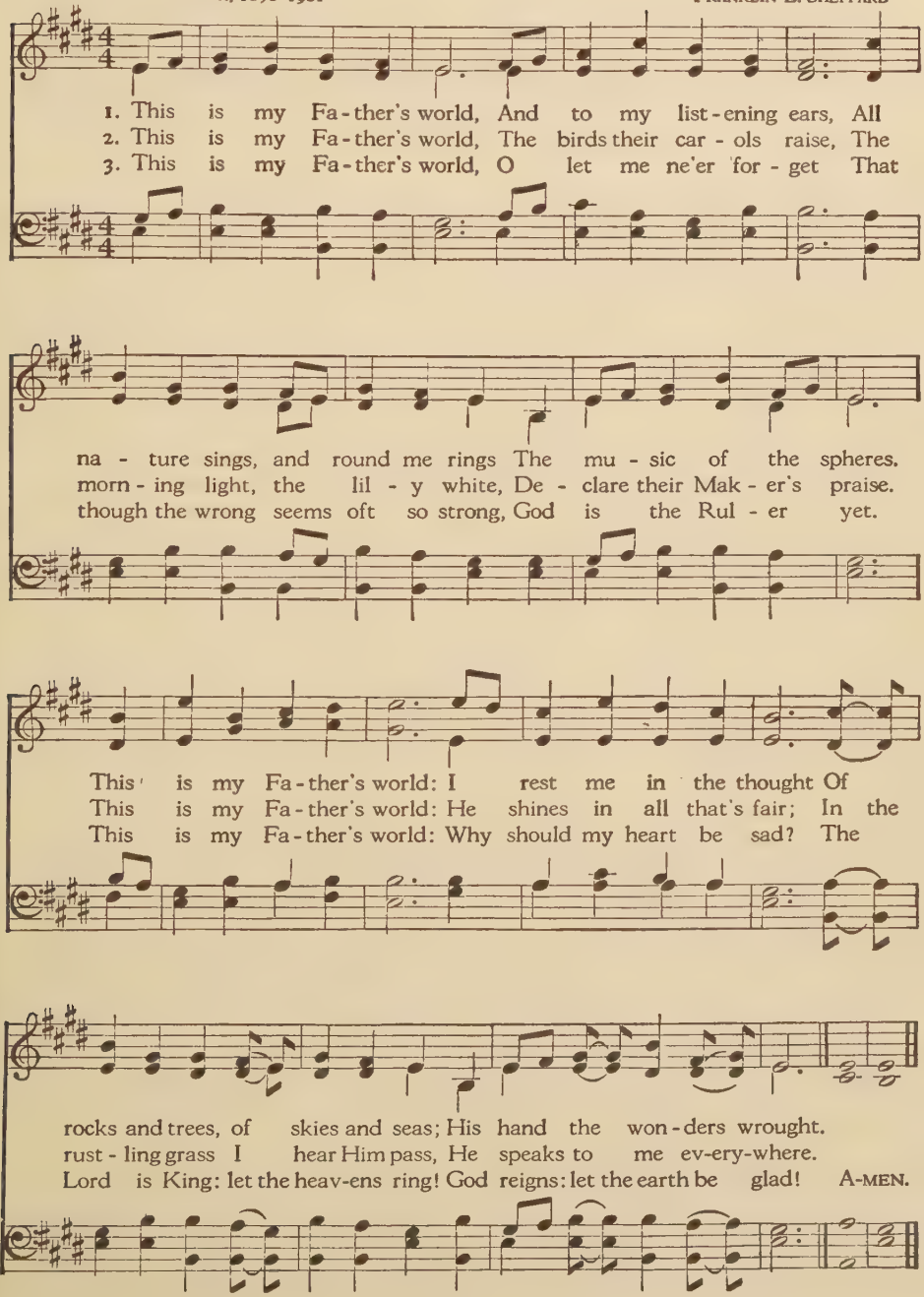

Joachim Neander, 1650–1680
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth, 1829–1878
From Praxis Pietatis Melica, 1668
1. Praise to the Lord, the Al - might - y, the King of cre - a - tion!
2. Praise to the Lord, who o'er all things so won-drous-ly reign - eth,
3. Praise to the Lord, who doth pros - per thy work and de - fend thee;
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal - va - tion!
Shield - eth thee un - der His wings, yea, so gen - tly sus - tain - eth!
Sure - ly His good - ness and mer - cy here dai - ly at - tend thee.
All ye who hear, Now to His tem - ple draw near;
Hast thou not seen How thy de - sires e'er have been
Pon - der a - new What the Al - might - y can do,
Join me in glad ad - o - ra - - tion!
Grant - ed in what He or - dain - - eth?
If with His love He be - friend thee. A - men.

A Mighty Fortress is Our God

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546
Tr. by FREDERICK H. HEDGE, 1805–1890

MARTIN LUTHER, 1483–1546

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing;
3 And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat-en to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;
Our help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing:
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing:
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us:
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth:
For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great,
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sa - ba-oth, His name,
The Prince of Dark-ness grim—We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en - dure,
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y they may kill:
And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
For lo, his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er. A - MEN.

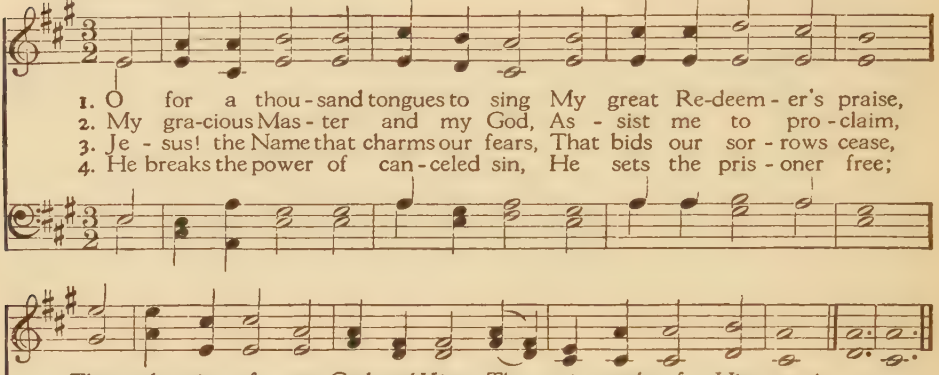
This Is My Father's World

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK, 1858–1901 FRANKLIN L. SHEPPARD

1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my list-ening ears, All
2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car-ols raise, The
3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for-get That
na-ture sings, and round me rings The mu-sic of the spheres.
morn-ing light, the lil-y white, De-clare their Mak-er's praise.
though the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Rul-er yet.
This is my Fa-ther's world: I rest me in the thought Of
This is my Fa-ther's world: He shines in all that's fair; In the
This is my Fa-ther's world: Why should my heart be sad? The
rocks and trees, of skies and seas; His hand the won-ders wrought.
rust-ling grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev-ery-where.
Lord is King: let the heav-ens ring! God reigns: let the earth be glad! A-MEN.

12 O For A Thousand Tongues to Sing

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788

CARL G. GLÄSER, 1784–1829
Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872


1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem - er's praise,
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
3. Je - sus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease,
4. He breaks the power of can - celed sin, He sets the pris - oner free;
The glo - ries of my God and King, The tri - umphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon - ors of Thy Name.
'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
His blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a - vailed for me. A-MEN.

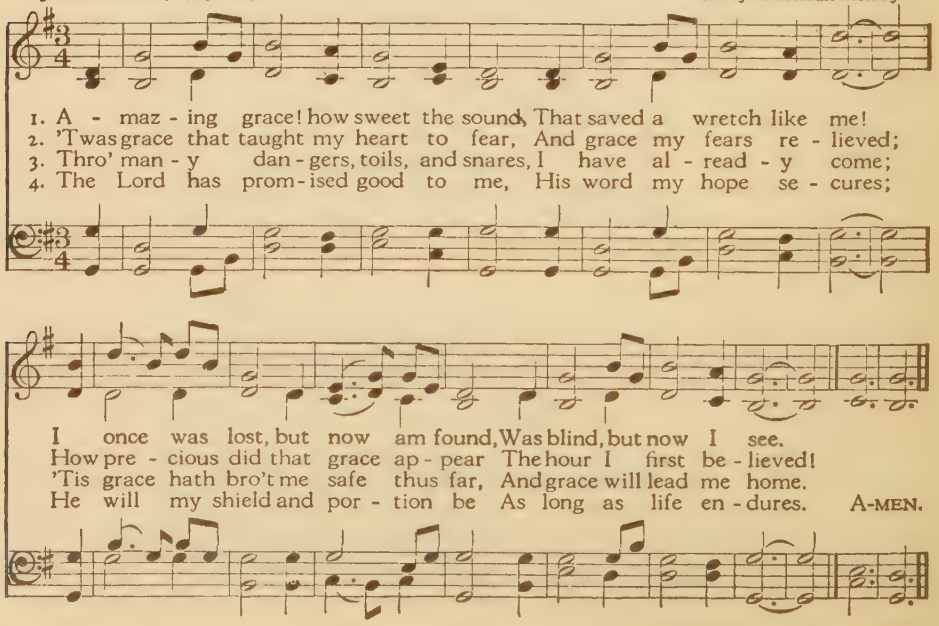
5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

13 Amazing Grace!

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807

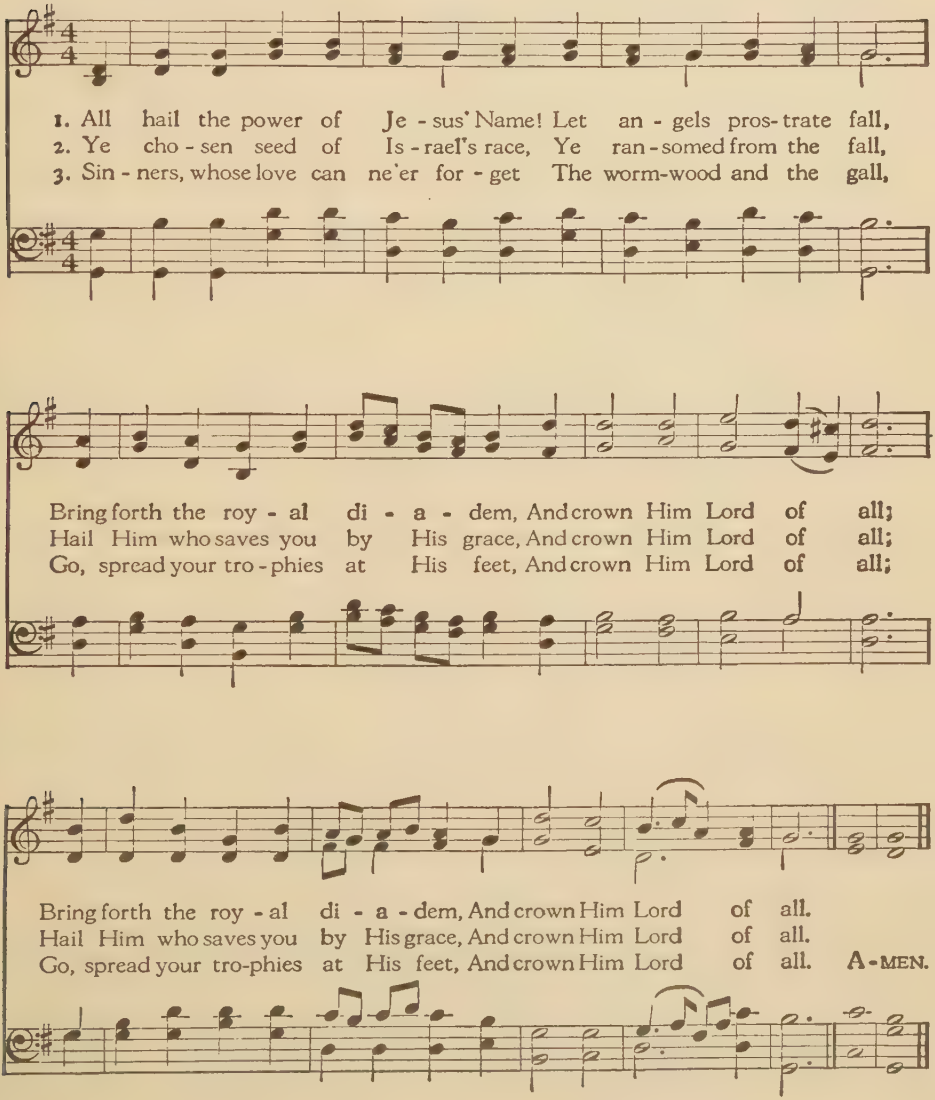
Early American melody


1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures. A-MEN.

(*First Tune*)

EDWARD PERRONET, 1726–1792
Alt. by JOHN RIPPON, 1751–1836

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1765–1844


1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

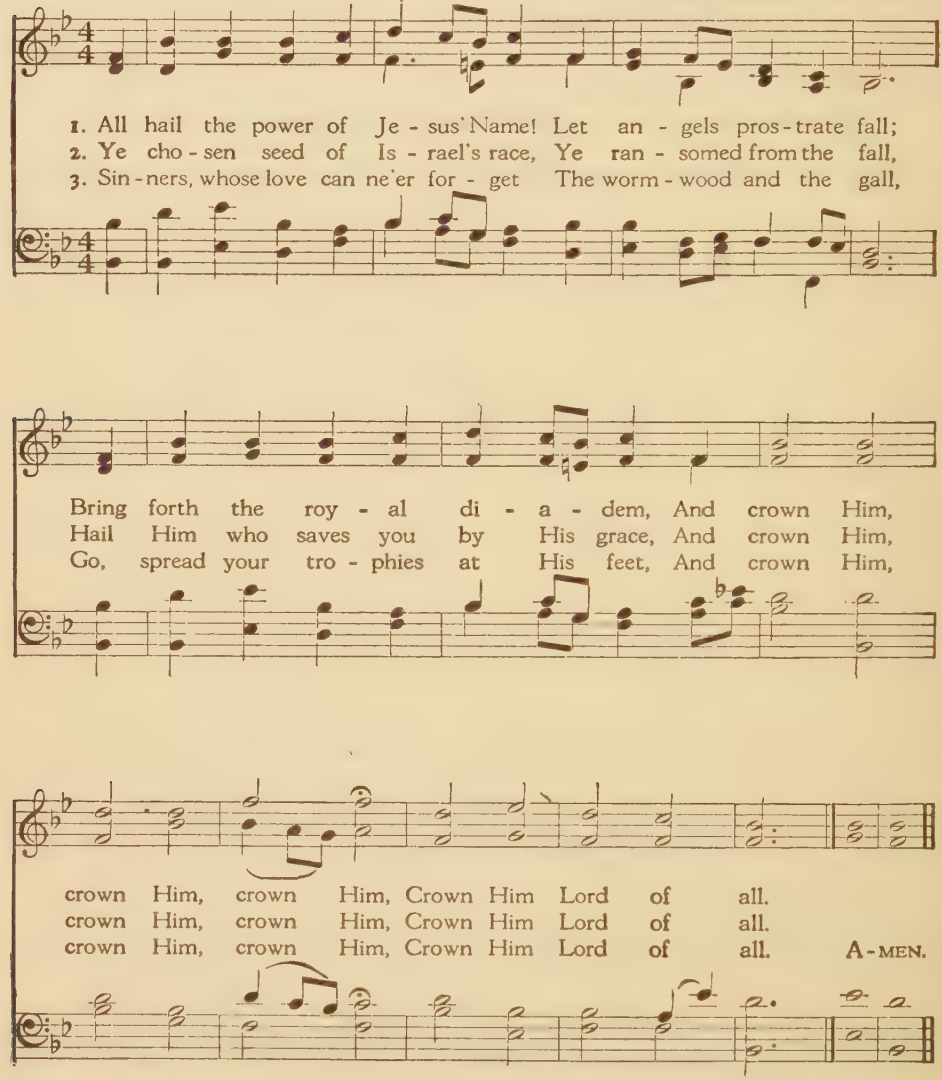
5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

15 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

(*Second Tune*)

EDWARD PERRONET, 1726–1792
Alt. by JOHN RIPPON, 1751–1836

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1760–1806

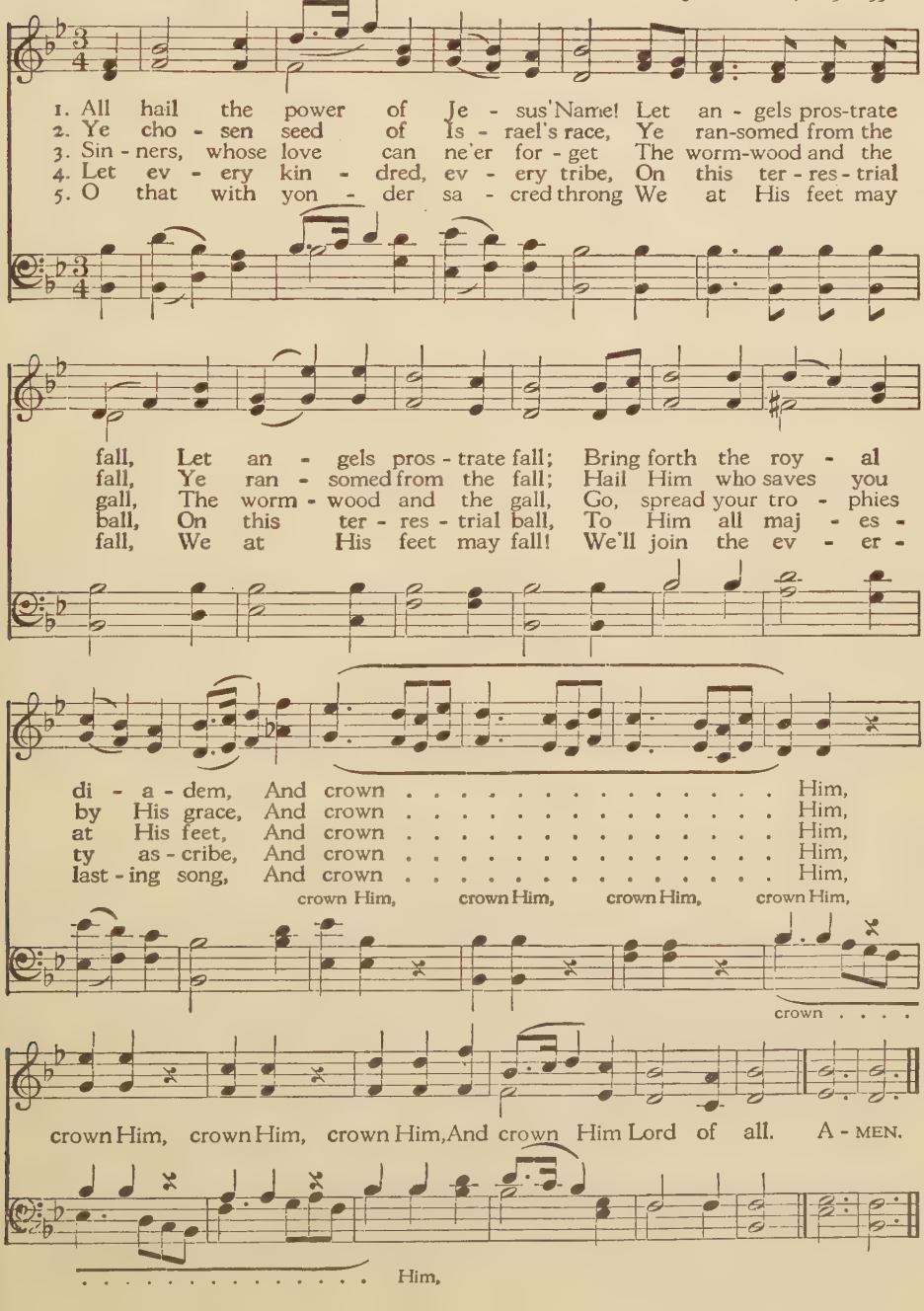

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - somed from the fall,
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him,
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

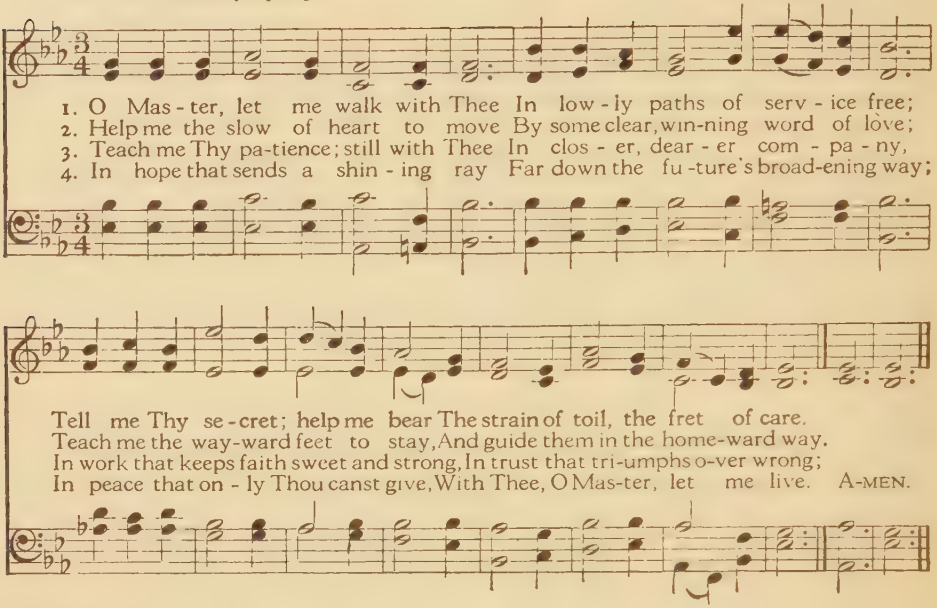
(*Third Tune*)

EDWARD PERRONET, 1726–1792
Alt. by JOHN RIPPON, 1751–1836

JAMES ELLOR, 1819–1899

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' Name! Let an - gels pros-trate
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the
4. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may
fall, Let an - gels pros - trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
fall, Ye ran - somed from the fall; Hail Him who saves you
gall, The worm - wood and the gall, Go, spread your tro - phies
ball, On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es -
fall, We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er -
di - a - dem, And crown . . . . . Him,
by His grace, And crown . . . . . Him,
at His feet, And crown . . . . . Him,
ty as - cribe, And crown . . . . . Him,
last - ing song, And crown . . . . . Him,
crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
crown . . . .
crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.
. . . . . Him,

17 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee

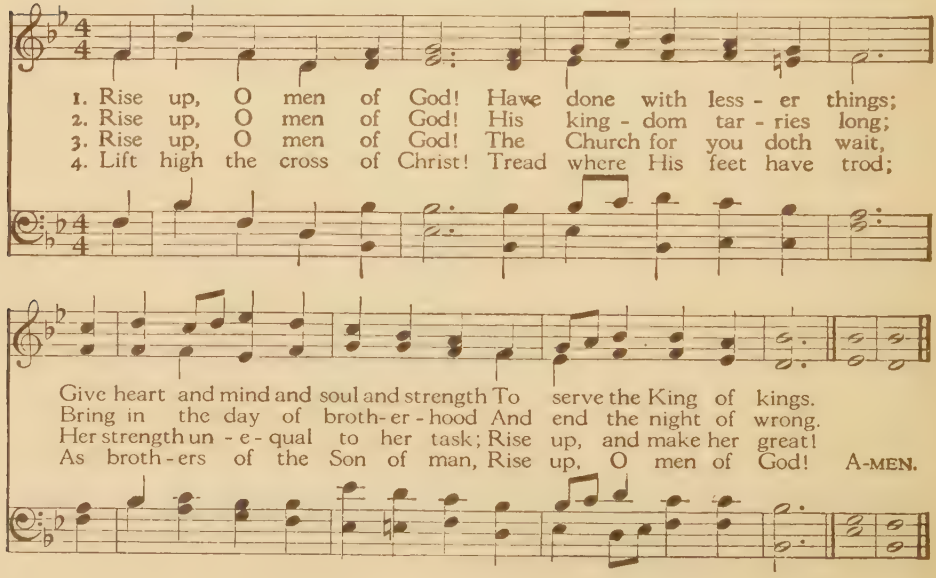
WASHINGTON GLADDEN, 1836–1918 — H. PERCY SMITH, 1825–1898

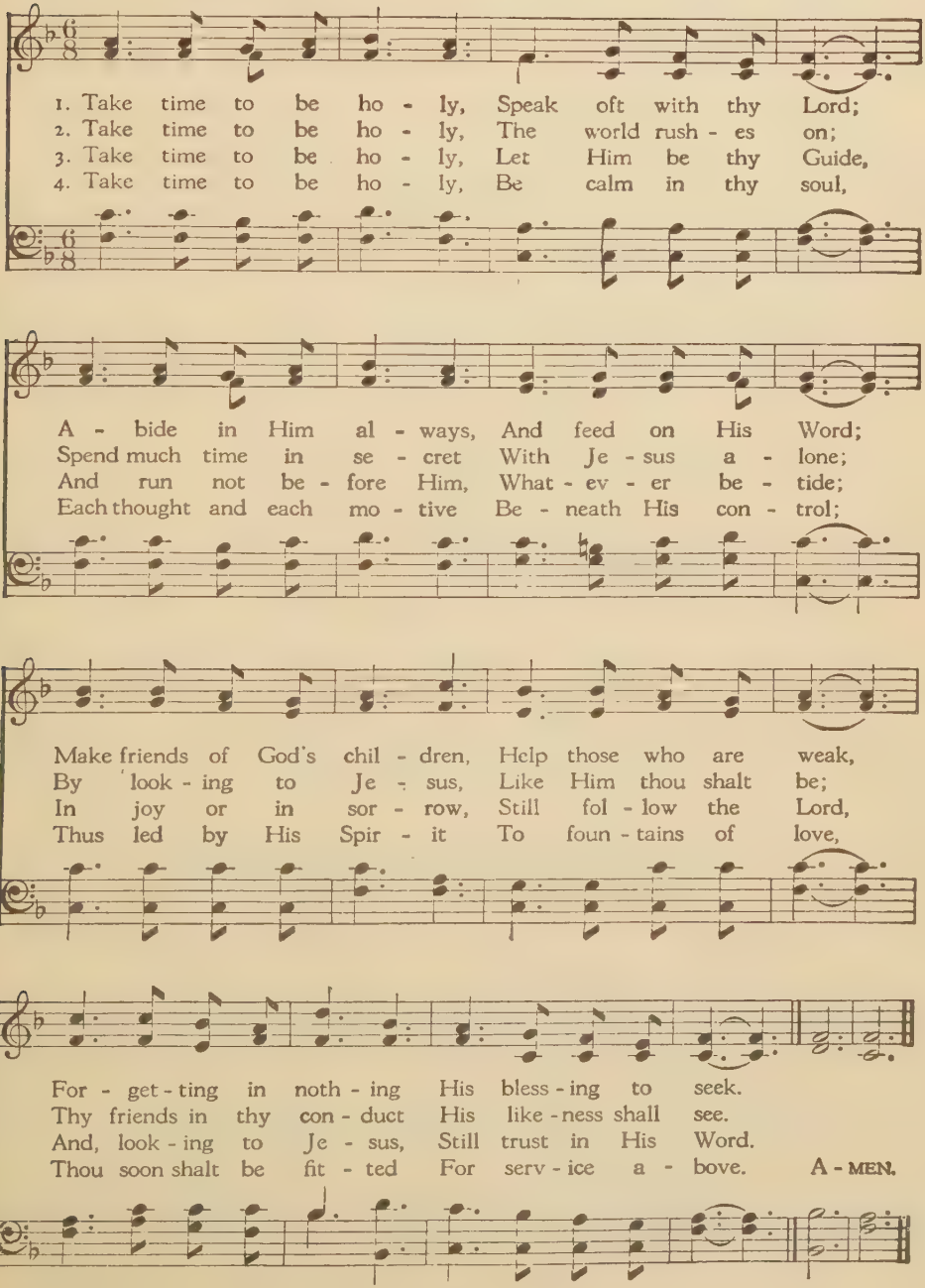

1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win-ning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy pa-tience; still with Thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broad-ening way;
Tell me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the home-ward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that tri-umphs o-ver wrong;
In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Mas-ter, let me live. A-MEN.

18 Rise Up, O Men of God

(*First Tune*)

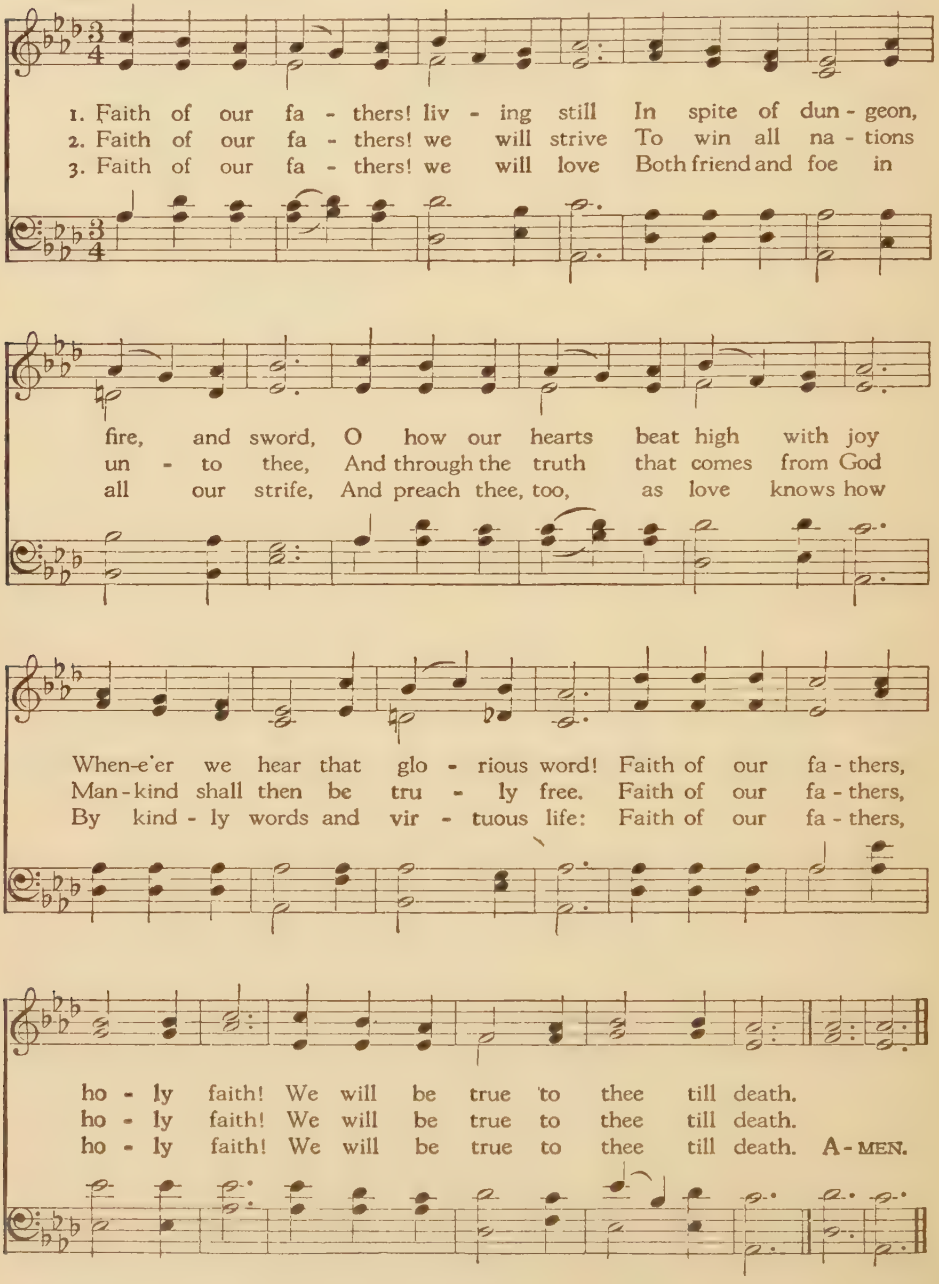
WILLIAM PIERSON MERRILL, 1867– — WILLIAM H. WALTER, 1825–1893


1. Rise up, O men of God! Have done with less-er things;
2. Rise up, O men of God! His king-dom tar-ries long;
3. Rise up, O men of God! The Church for you doth wait,
4. Lift high the cross of Christ! Tread where His feet have trod;
Give heart and mind and soul and strength To serve the King of kings.
Bring in the day of broth-er-hood And end the night of wrong.
Her strength un-e-qual to her task; Rise up, and make her great!
As broth-ers of the Son of man, Rise up, O men of God! A-MEN.

WILLIAM D. LONGSTAFF, 1822–1894 GEORGE C. STEBBINS, 1846–

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,
A - bide in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word;
Spend much time in se - cret With Je - sus a - lone;
And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
Each thought and each mo - tive Be - neath His con - trol;
Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low the Lord,
Thus led by His Spir - it To foun - tains of love,
For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove. A - MEN.

20 Faith of Our Fathers! Living Still

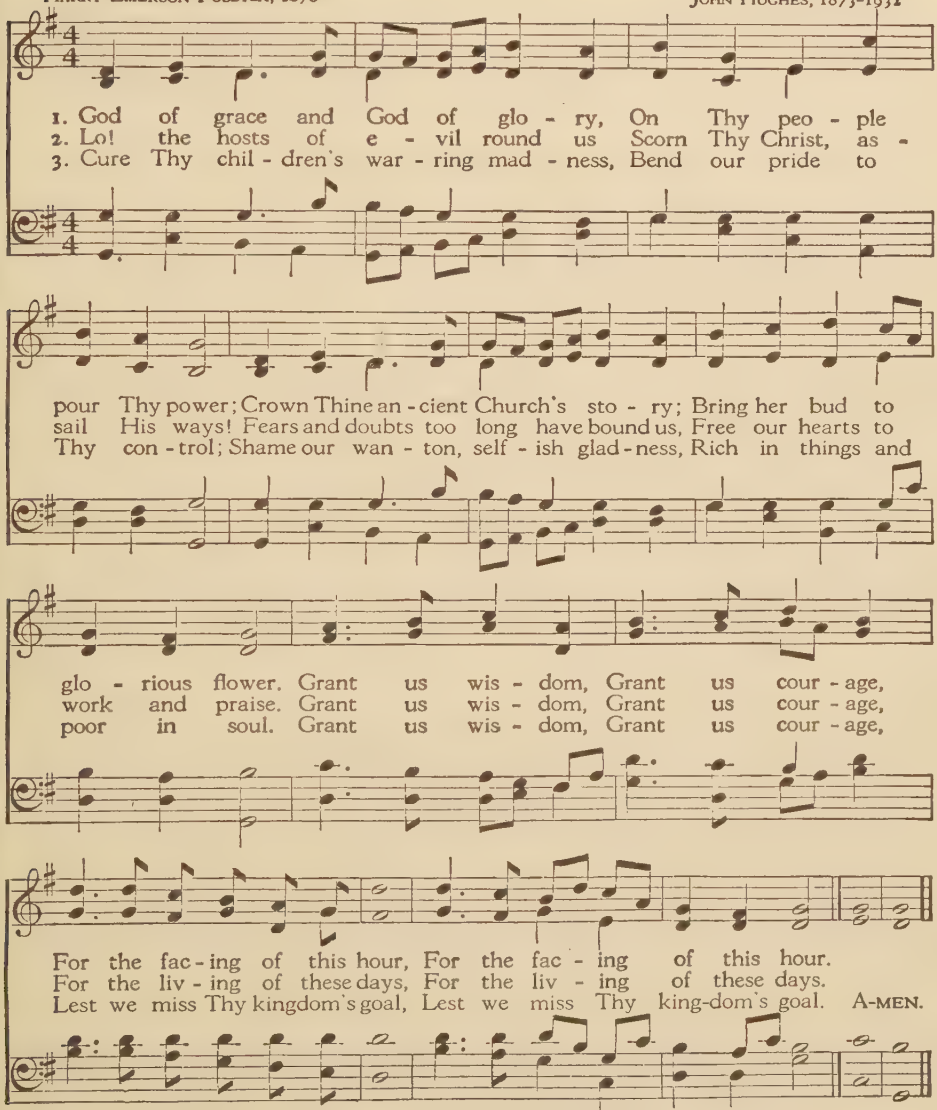
Frederick W. Faber, 1814–1863

Henri F. Hemy, 1818–1888
Adapted by James G. Walton, 1821–1905

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon,
2. Faith of our fa - thers! we will strive To win all na - tions
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in
fire, and sword, O how our hearts beat high with joy
un - to thee, And through the truth that comes from God
all our strife, And preach thee, too, as love knows how
When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word! Faith of our fa - thers,
Man - kind shall then be tru - ly free. Faith of our fa - thers,
By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life: Faith of our fa - thers,
ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.
ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.
ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death. A - MEN.

God of Grace and God of Glory 21

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, 1878–

Welsh hymn melody
JOHN HUGHES, 1873–1932


1. God of grace and God of glo - ry, On Thy peo - ple pour Thy power; Crown Thine an - cient Church's sto - ry; Bring her bud to glo - rious flower. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
2. Lo! the hosts of e - vil round us Scorn Thy Christ, as - sail His ways! Fears and doubts too long have bound us, Free our hearts to work and praise. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
3. Cure Thy chil - dren's war - ring mad - ness, Bend our pride to Thy con - trol; Shame our wan - ton, self - ish glad - ness, Rich in things and poor in soul. Grant us wis - dom, Grant us cour - age,
For the fac - ing of this hour, For the fac - ing of this hour.
For the liv - ing of these days, For the liv - ing of these days.
Lest we miss Thy kingdom's goal, Lest we miss Thy king-dom's goal. A-MEN.

4 Set our feet on lofty places;
Gird our lives that they may be
Armored with all Christ-like graces
In the fight to set men free.
Grant us wisdom,
Grant us courage,
That we fail not man nor Thee!

5 Save us from weak resignation
To the evils we deplore;
Let the search for Thy salvation
Be our glory evermore.
Grant us wisdom,
Grant us courage,
Serving Thee whom we adore.

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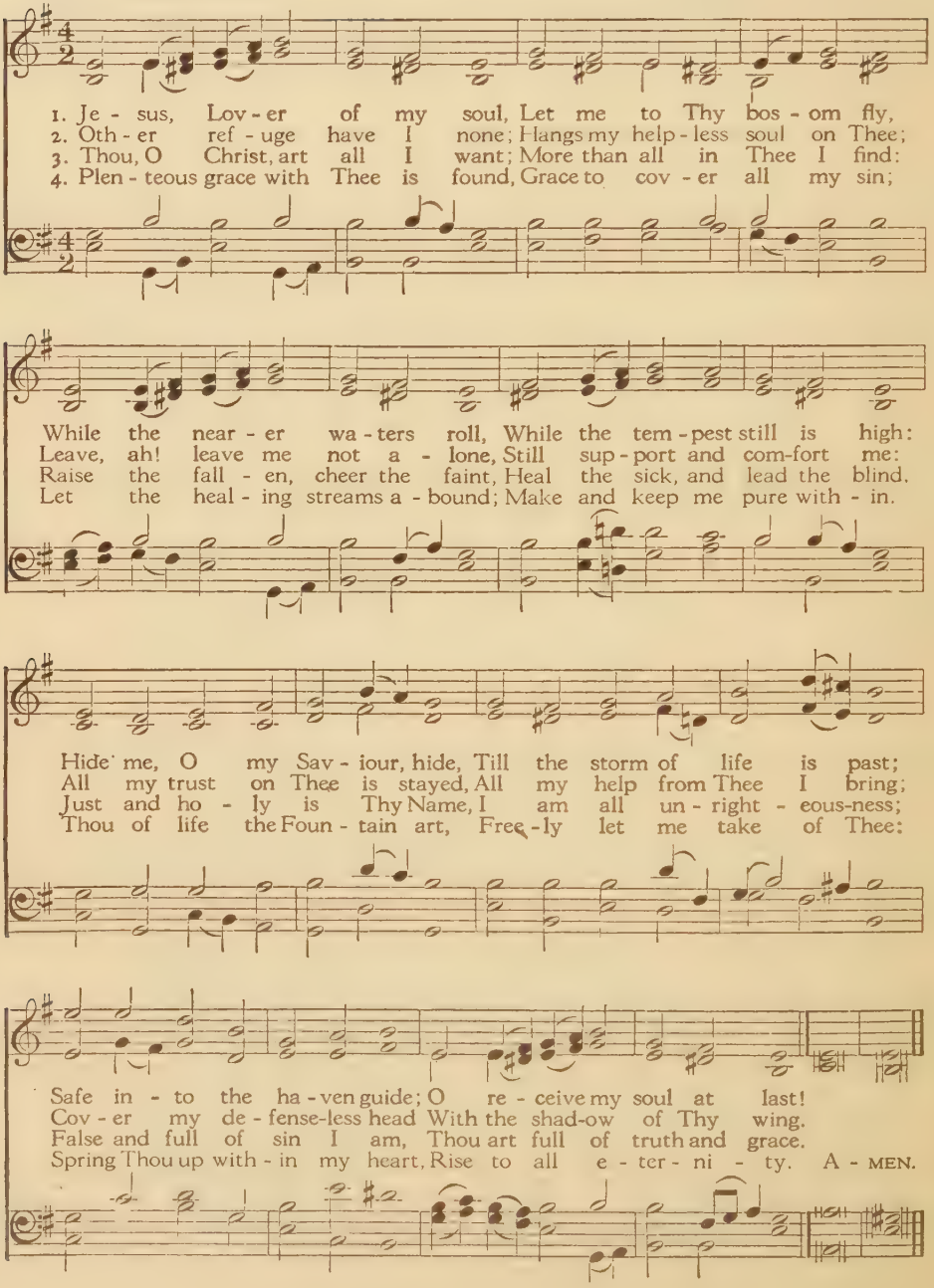
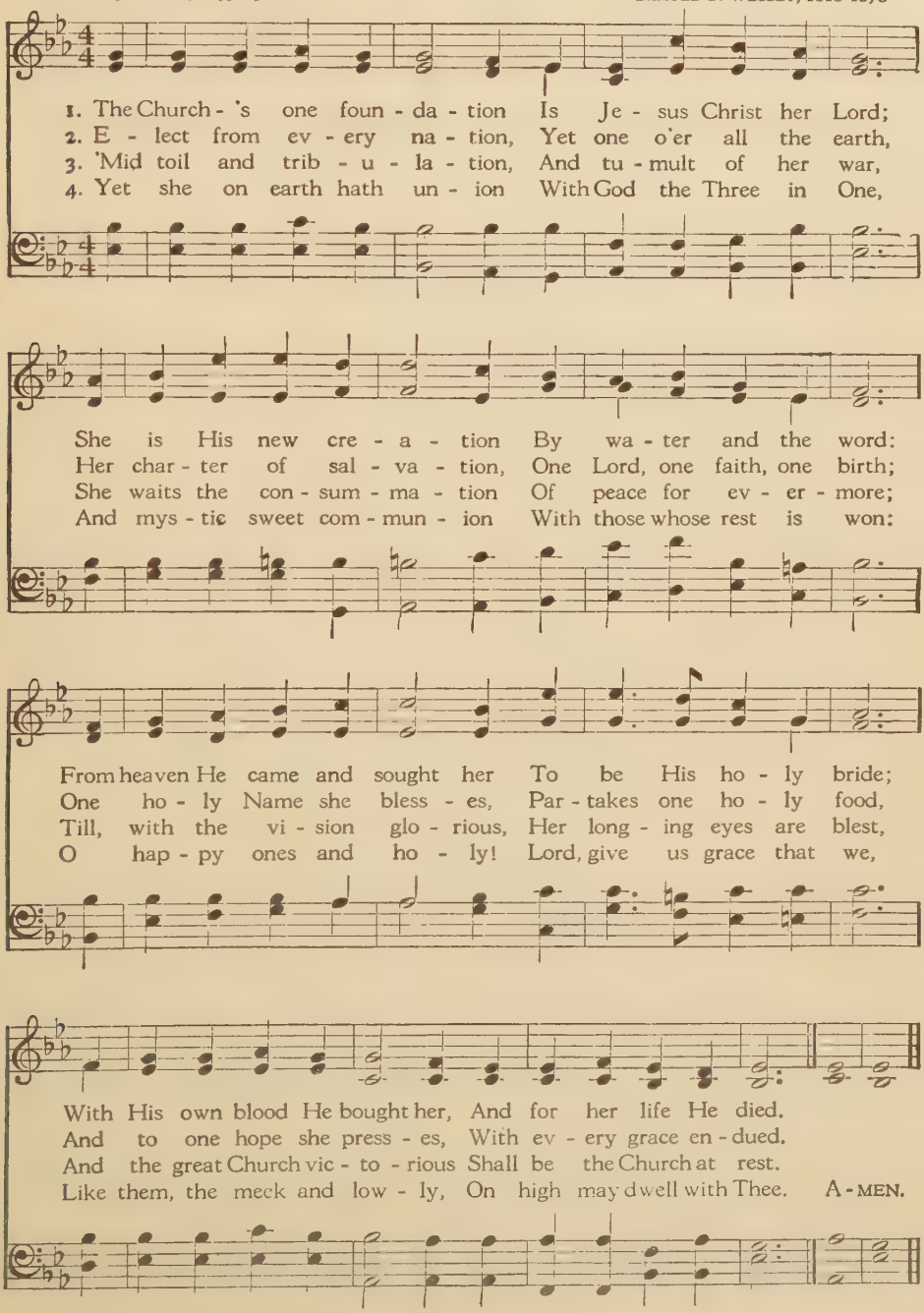
Jesus, Lover of My Soul

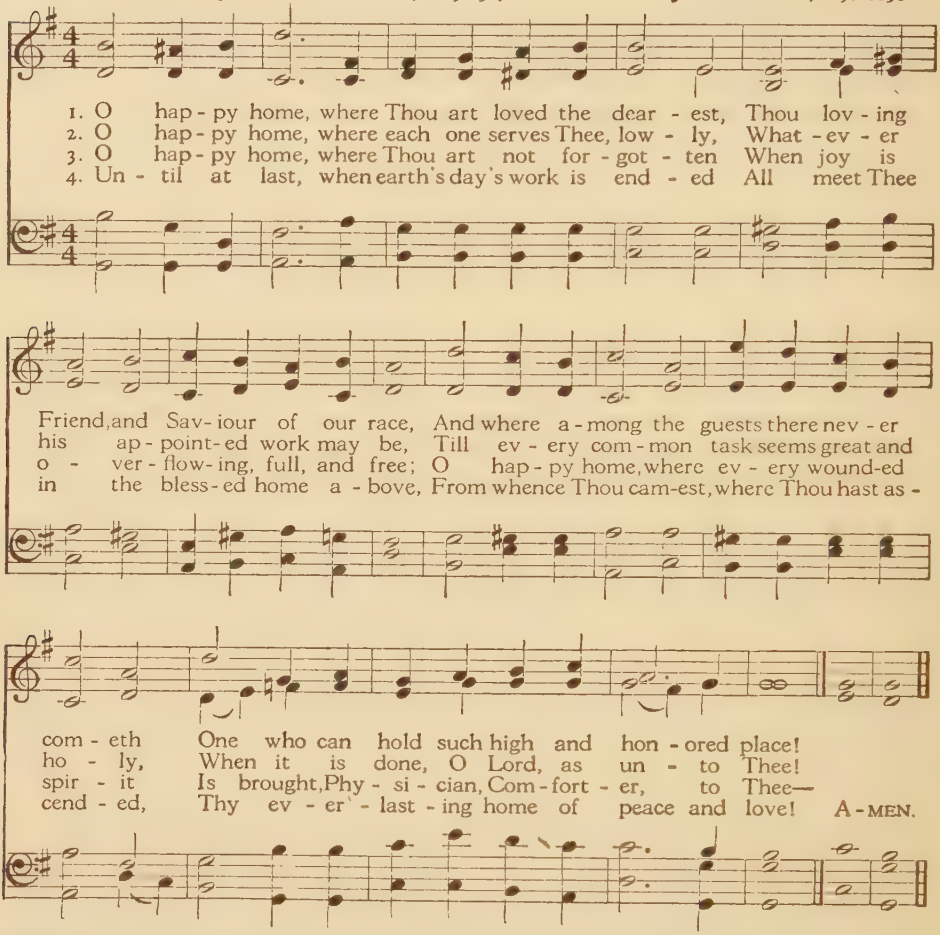
(*Third Tune*)

CHARLES WESLEY, 1707–1788 — JOSEPH PARRY, 1841–1903

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last!
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and ho - ly is Thy Name, I am all un - right - eous-ness;
False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.
Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

SAMUEL J. STONE, 1839-1900 SAMUEL S. WESLEY, 1810-1876

1. The Church - 's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:
From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest,
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A - MEN.

24 O Happy Home

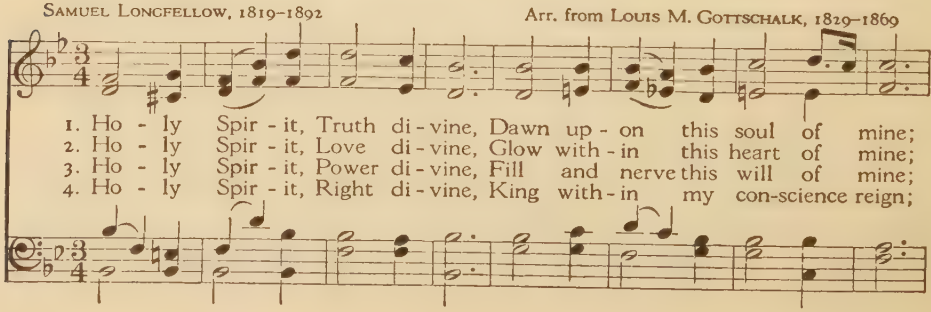
CARL J. P. SPITTA, 1801–1859
Adapted from a tr. by SARAH B. FINDLATER, 1823–1907

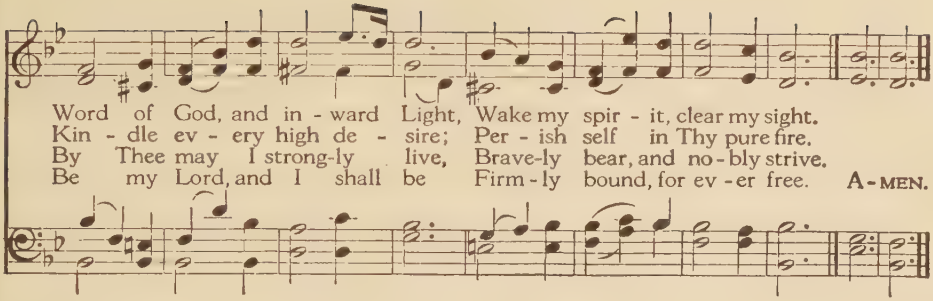
JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896

1. O hap - py home, where Thou art loved the dear - est, Thou lov - ing
2. O hap - py home, where each one serves Thee, low - ly, What - ev - er
3. O hap - py home, where Thou art not for - got - ten When joy is
4. Un - til at last, when earth's day's work is end - ed All meet Thee
Friend, and Sav - iour of our race, And where a - mong the guests there nev - er
his ap - point - ed work may be, Till ev - ery com - mon task seems great and
o - ver - flow - ing, full, and free; O hap - py home, where ev - ery wound - ed
in the bless - ed home a - bove, From whence Thou cam - est, where Thou hast as -
com - eth One who can hold such high and hon - ored place!
ho - ly, When it is done, O Lord, as un - to Thee!
spir - it Is brought, Phy - si - cian, Com - fort - er, to Thee—
cend - ed, Thy ev - er - last - ing home of peace and love! A - MEN.

25 Holy Spirit, Truth Divine

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, 1819–1892

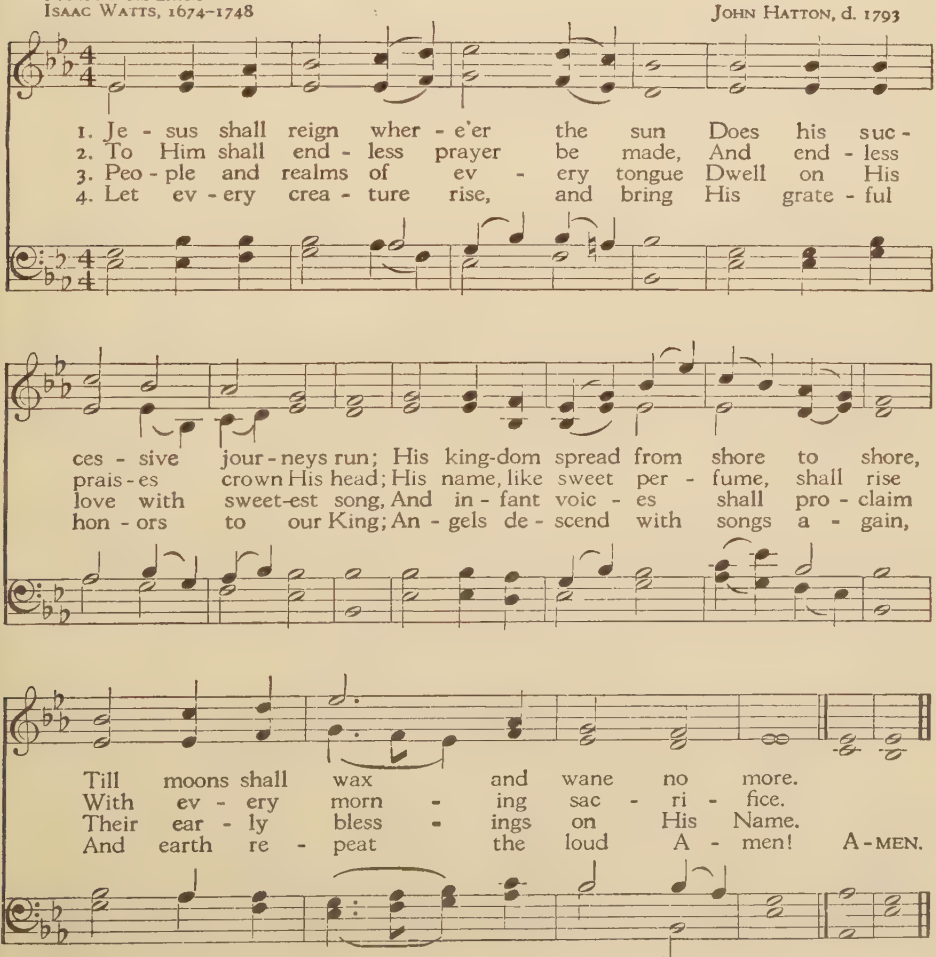
Arr. from LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK, 1829–1869


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine, Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine, Glow with - in this heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Power di - vine, Fill and nerve this will of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine, King with - in my con - science reign;

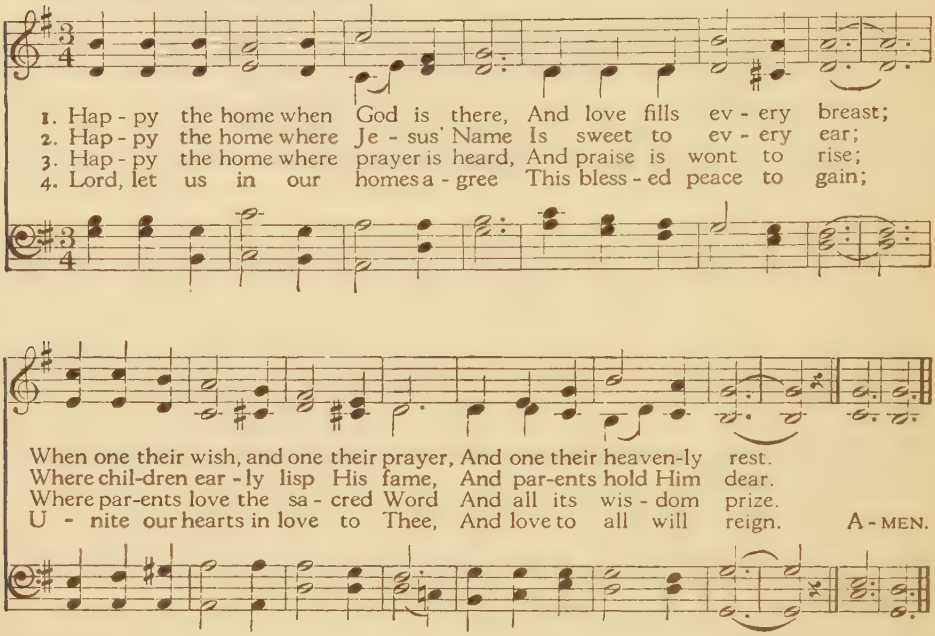

Word of God, and in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
Kin - dle ev - ery high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire.
By Thee may I strong-ly live, Brave-ly bear, and no - bly strive.
Be my Lord, and I shall be Firm - ly bound, for ev - er free. A - MEN.

Jesus Shall Reign 26

From PSALM LXXII
ISAAC WATTS, 1674–1748

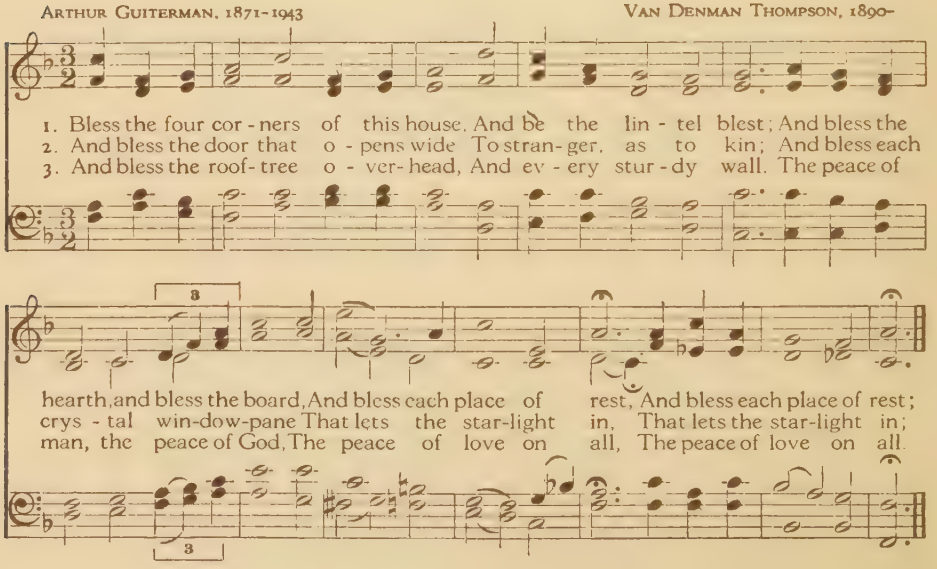
JOHN HATTON, d. 1793

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc -
2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue Dwell on His
4. Let ev - ery crea - ture rise, and bring His grate - ful
ces - sive jour - neys run; His king-dom spread from shore to shore,
prais - es crown His head; His name, like sweet per - fume, shall rise
love with sweet-est song, And in - fant voic - es shall pro - claim
hon - ors to our King; An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
With ev - ery morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.
And earth re - peat the loud A - men! A - MEN.

27 Happy the Home When God Is There

HENRY WARE, the younger, 1794–1843 — JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876

1. Hap - py the home when God is there, And love fills ev - ery breast;
2. Hap - py the home where Je - sus' Name Is sweet to ev - ery ear;
3. Hap - py the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
4. Lord, let us in our homes a - gree This bless - ed peace to gain;
When one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heaven-ly rest.
Where chil-dren ear - ly lisp His fame, And par-ents hold Him dear.
Where par-ents love the sa - cred Word And all its wis - dom prize.
U - nite our hearts in love to Thee, And love to all will reign. A - MEN.

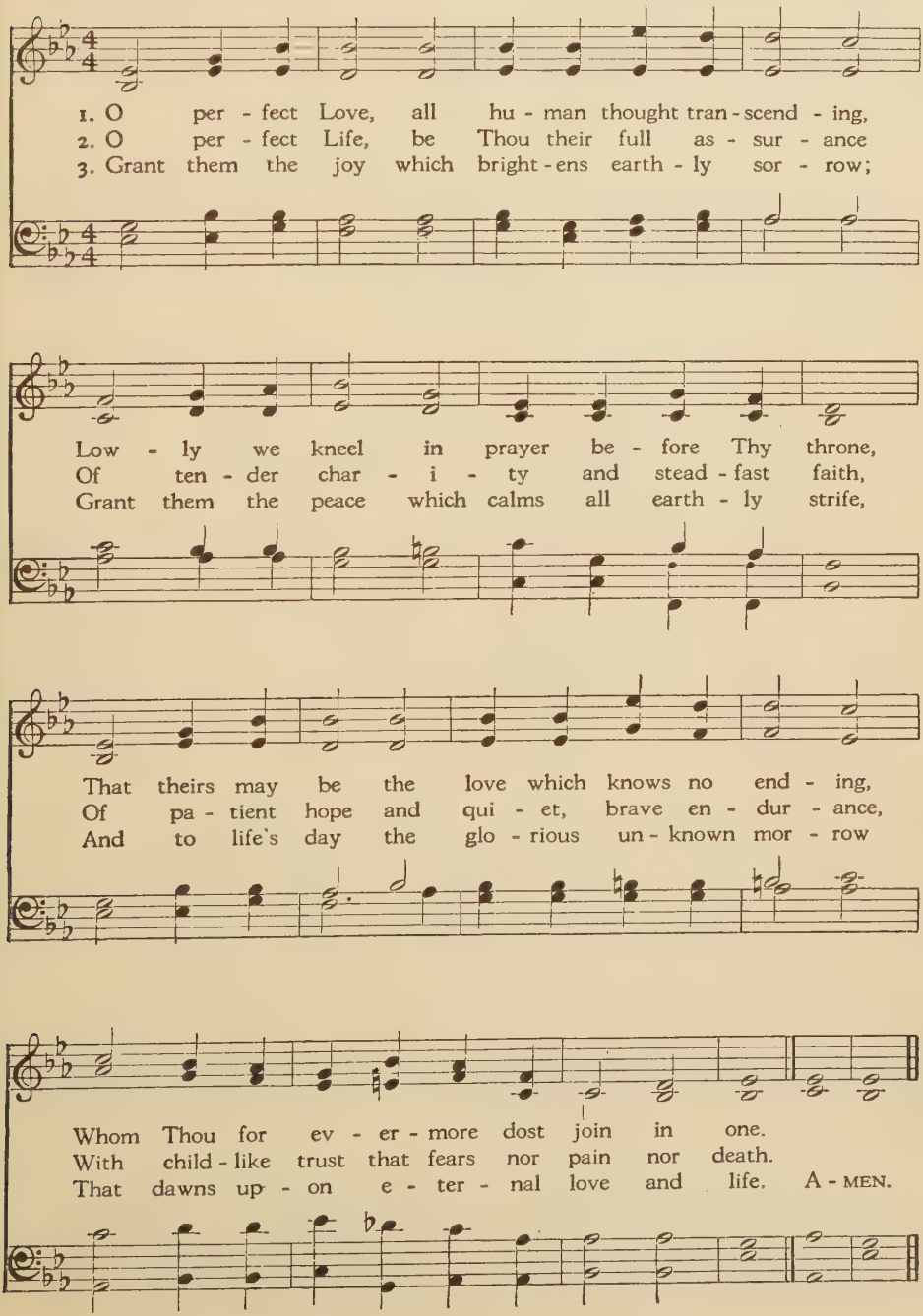
28 Bless the Four Corners of This House

ARTHUR GUITERMAN, 1871–1943 — VAN DENMAN THOMPSON, 1890–


1. Bless the four cor - ners of this house, And be the lin - tel blest; And bless the
2. And bless the door that o - pens wide To stran - ger, as to kin; And bless each
3. And bless the roof - tree o - ver - head, And ev - ery stur - dy wall. The peace of
hearth, and bless the board, And bless each place of rest, And bless each place of rest;
crys - tal win-dow-pane That lets the star-light in, That lets the star-light in;
man, the peace of God, The peace of love on all, The peace of love on all.

O Perfect Love

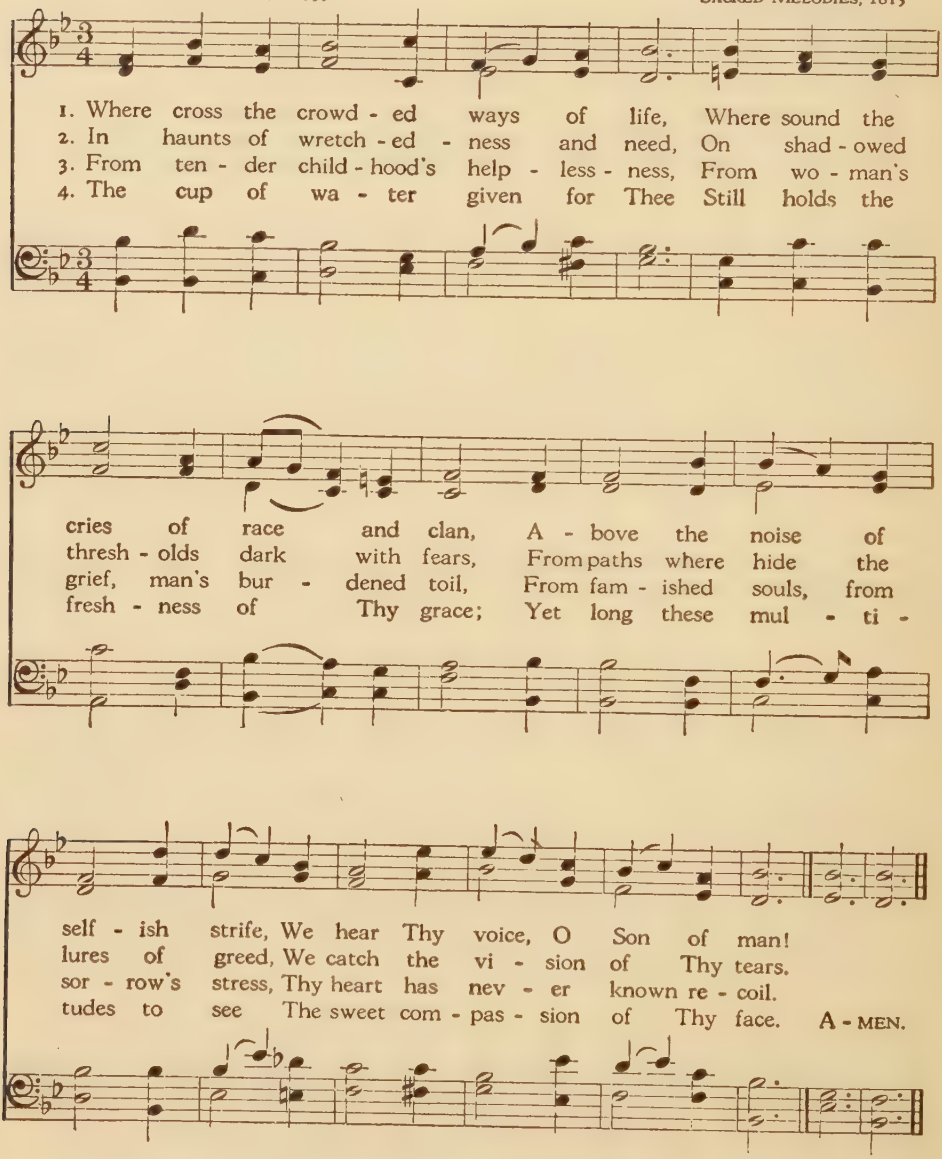
DOROTHY B. GURNEY, 1858–1932 — Arr. from JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896


1. O per - fect Love, all hu - man thought tran - scend - ing,
2. O per - fect Life, be Thou their full as - sur - ance
3. Grant them the joy which bright - ens earth - ly sor - row;
Low - ly we kneel in prayer be - fore Thy throne,
Of ten - der char - i - ty and stead - fast faith,
Grant them the peace which calms all earth - ly strife,
That theirs may be the love which knows no end - ing,
Of pa - tient hope and qui - et, brave en - dur - ance,
And to life's day the glo - rious un - known mor - row
Whom Thou for ev - er - more dost join in one.
With child - like trust that fears nor pain nor death.
That dawns up - on e - ter - nal love and life. A - MEN.

30 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

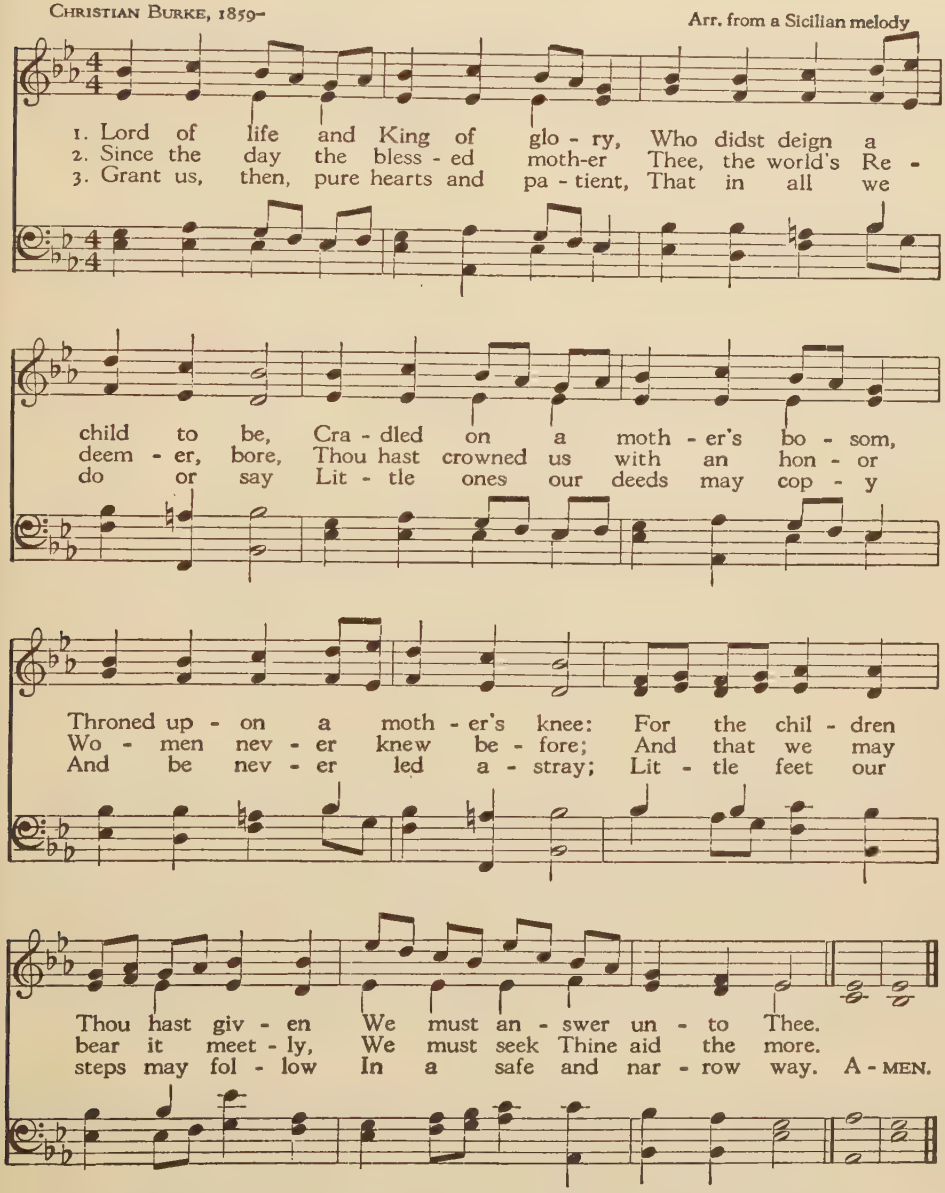
FRANK MASON NORTH, 1850–1935

From WILLIAM GARDINER'S SACRED MELODIES, 1815


1. Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, Where sound the
2. In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, On shad - owed
3. From ten - der child - hood's help - less - ness, From wo - man's
4. The cup of wa - ter given for Thee Still holds the
cries of race and clan, A - bove the noise of
thresh - olds dark with fears, From paths where hide the
grief, man's bur - dened toil, From fam - ished souls, from
fresh - ness of Thy grace; Yet long these mul - ti -
self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
lures of greed, We catch the vi - sion of Thy tears.
sor - row's stress, Thy heart has nev - er known re - coil.
tudes to see The sweet com - pas - sion of Thy face. A - MEN.

5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till, glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the city of our God!

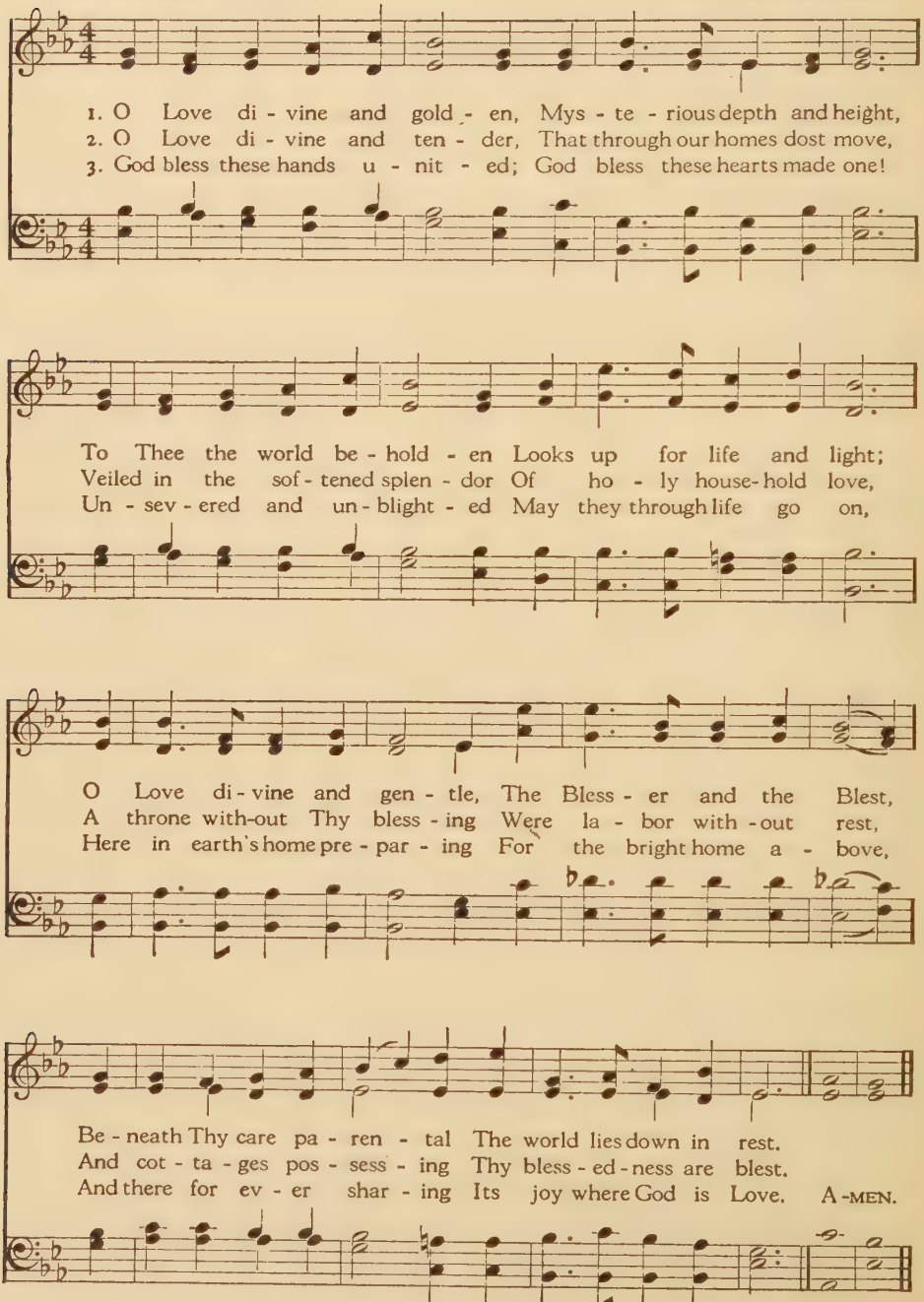

CHRISTIAN BURKE, 1859–
Arr. from a Sicilian melody
1. Lord of life and King of glo - ry, Who didst deign a
2. Since the day the bless - ed moth-er Thee, the world's Re -
3. Grant us, then, pure hearts and pa - tient, That in all we
child to be, Cra - dled on a moth - er's bo - som,
deem - er, bore, Thou hast crowned us with an hon - or
do or say Lit - tle ones our deeds may cop - y
Throned up - on a moth - er's knee: For the chil - dren
Wo - men nev - er knew be - fore; And that we may
And be nev - er led a - stray; Lit - tle feet our
Thou hast giv - en We must an - swer un - to Thee.
bear it meet - ly, We must seek Thine aid the more.
steps may fol - low In a safe and nar - row way. A - MEN.

4 When our growing sons and daughters
Look on life with eager eyes,
Grant us then a deeper insight
And new powers of sacrifice:
Hope to trust them, faith to guide them,
Love that nothing good denies.

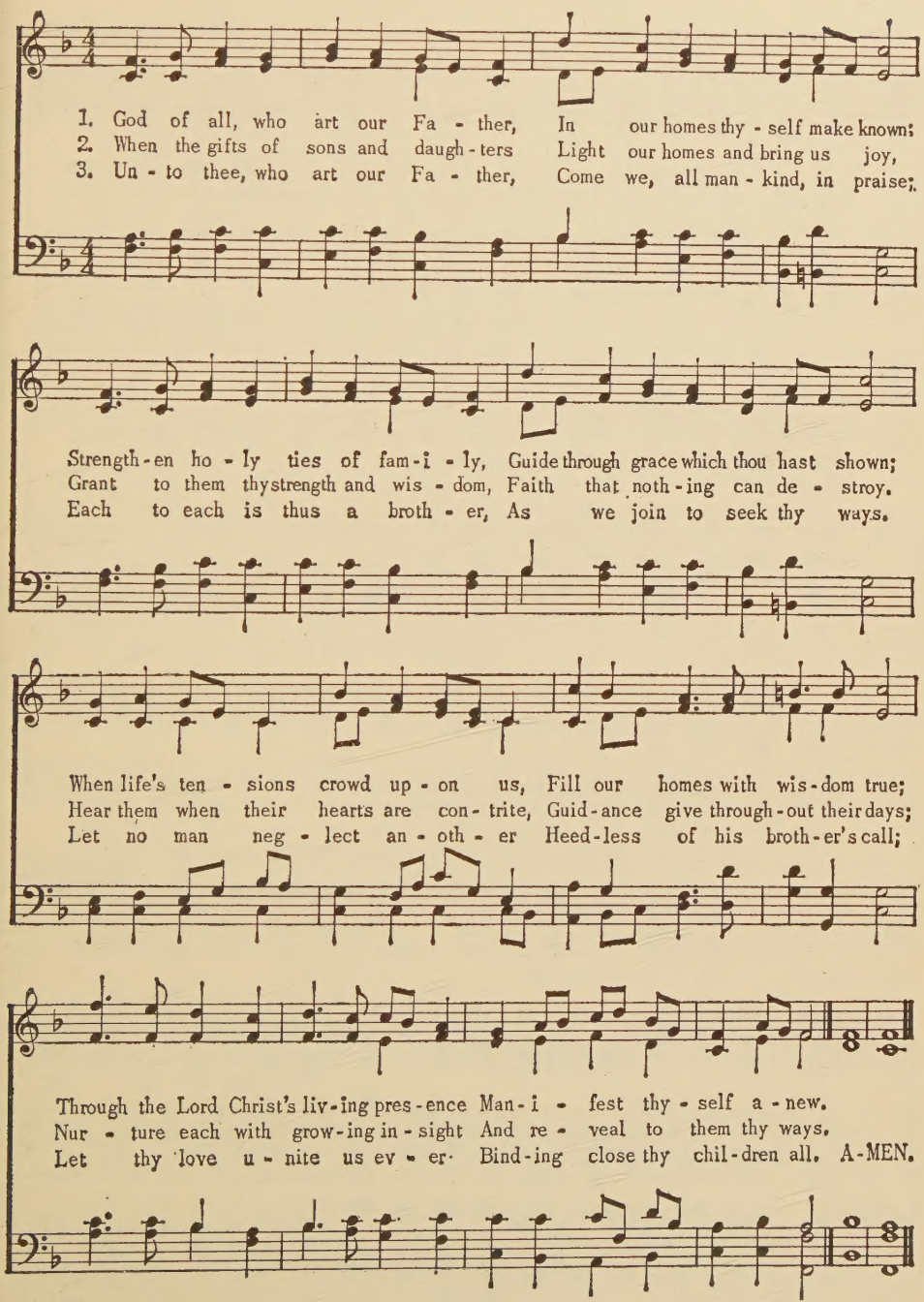
5 May we keep our holy calling
Stainless in its fair renown,
That, when all the work is over
And we lay the burden down,
Then the children Thou hast given
Still may be our joy and crown.

O Love Divine and Golden

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, 1811–1875 — JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876


1. O Love di - vine and gold - en, Mys - te - rious depth and height,
2. O Love di - vine and ten - der, That through our homes dost move,
3. God bless these hands u - nit - ed; God bless these hearts made one!
To Thee the world be - hold - en Looks up for life and light;
Veiled in the sof - tened splen - dor Of ho - ly house-hold love,
Un - sev - ered and un - blight - ed May they through life go on,
O Love di - vine and gen - tle, The Bless - er and the Blest,
A throne with-out Thy bless - ing Were la - bor with - out rest,
Here in earth's home pre - par - ing For the bright home a - bove,
Be - neath Thy care pa - ren - tal The world lies down in rest.
And cot - ta - ges pos - sess - ing Thy bless - ed - ness are blest.
And there for ev - er shar - ing Its joy where God is Love. A - MEN.

God of All, Who Art Our Father 33


1. God of all, who art our Fa - ther, In our homes thy - self make known;
2. When the gifts of sons and daugh - ters Light our homes and bring us joy,
3. Un - to thee, who art our Fa - ther, Come we, all man - kind, in praise;
Strength - en ho - ly ties of fam - i - ly, Guide through grace which thou hast shown;
Grant to them thy strength and wis - dom, Faith that noth - ing can de - stroy.
Each to each is thus a broth - er, As we join to seek thy ways.
When life's ten - sions crowd up - on us, Fill our homes with wis - dom true;
Hear them when their hearts are con - trite, Guid - ance give through - out their days;
Let no man neg - lect an - oth - er Heed - less of his broth - er's call;
Through the Lord Christ's liv - ing pres - ence Man - i - fest thy - self a - new.
Nur - ture each with grow - ing in - sight And re - veal to them thy ways.
Let thy love u - nite us ev - er Bind - ing close thy chil - dren all. A - MEN.

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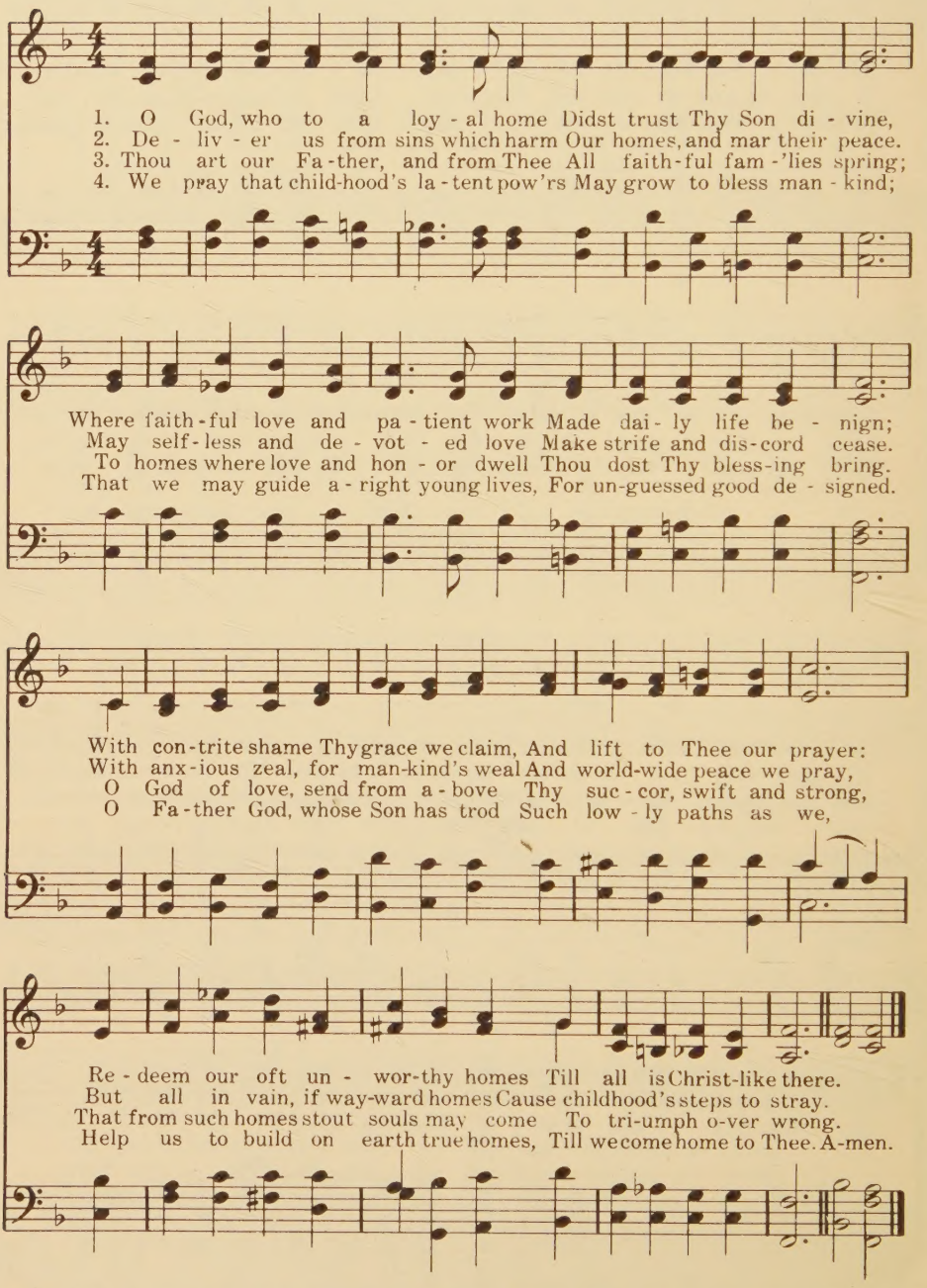
34 O God Who to a Loyal Home

Harry Emerson Fosdick, 1956 — Henry Hiles, 1867

1. O God, who to a loy - al home Didst trust Thy Son di - vine,
2. De - liv - er us from sins which harm Our homes, and mar their peace.
3. Thou art our Fa - ther, and from Thee All faith - ful fam - 'lies spring;
4. We pray that child-hood's la - tent pow'rs May grow to bless man - kind;
Where faith - ful love and pa - tient work Made dai - ly life be - nign;
May self - less and de - vot - ed love Make strife and dis - cord cease.
To homes where love and hon - or dwell Thou dost Thy bless - ing bring.
That we may guide a - right young lives, For un - guessed good de - signed.
With con - trite shame Thy grace we claim, And lift to Thee our prayer:
With anx - ious zeal, for man-kind's weal And world-wide peace we pray,
O God of love, send from a - bove Thy suc - cor, swift and strong,
O Fa - ther God, whose Son has trod Such low - ly paths as we,
Re - deem our oft un - wor-thy homes Till all is Christ-like there.
But all in vain, if way-ward homes Cause childhood's steps to stray.
That from such homes stout souls may come To tri-umph o-ver wrong.
Help us to build on earth true homes, Till we come home to Thee. A-men.

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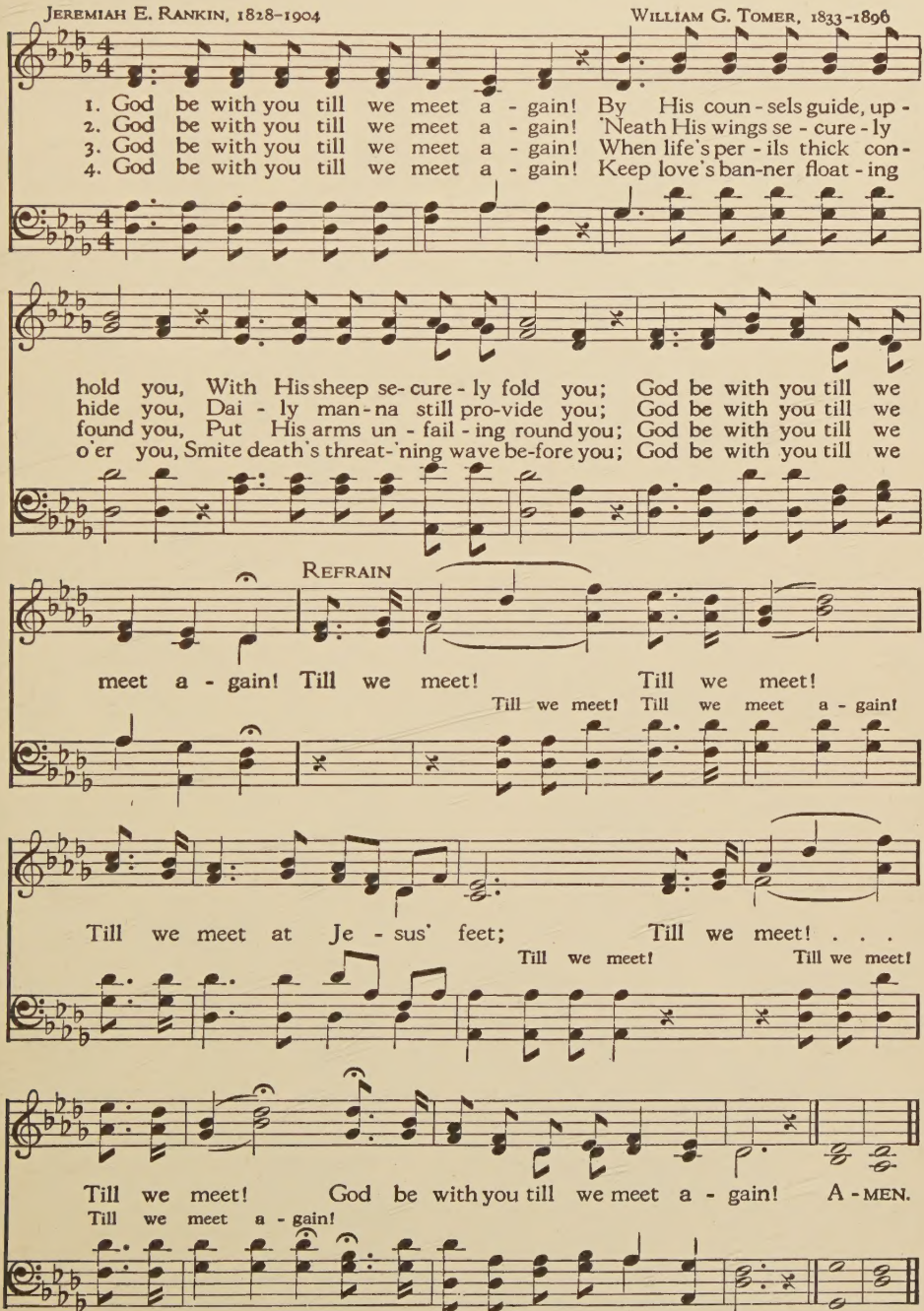
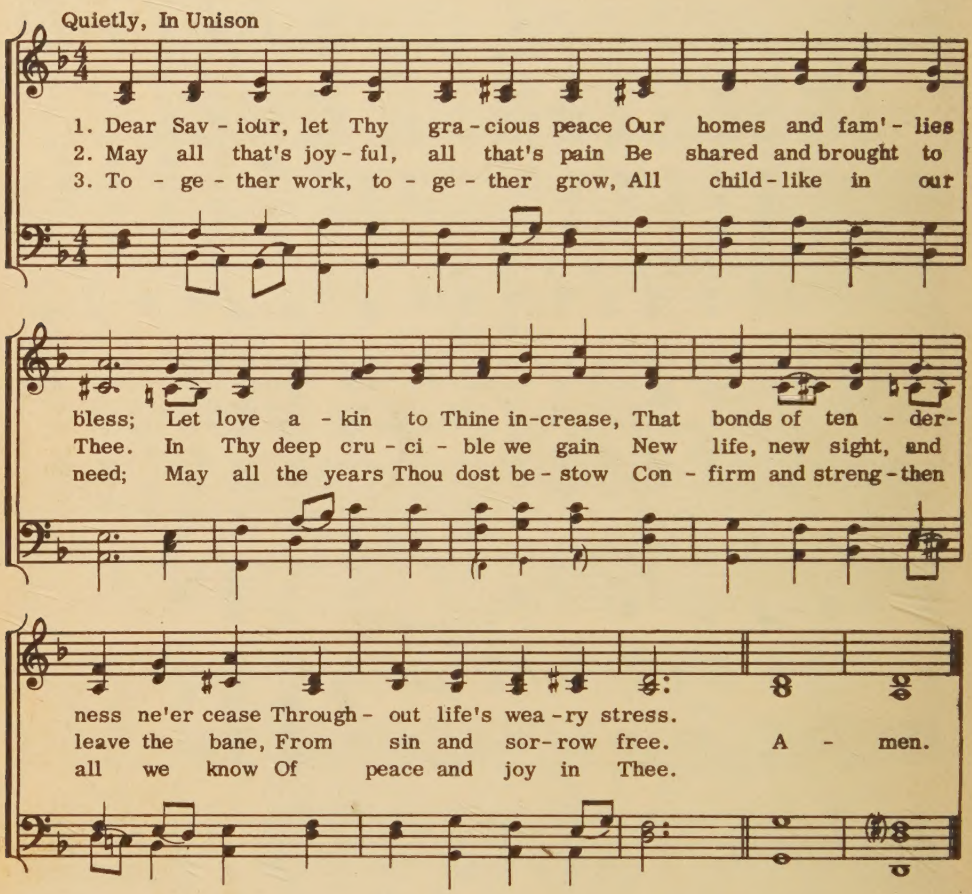
God Be With You Till We Meet Again

JEREMIAH E. RANKIN, 1828–1904 — WILLIAM G. TOMER, 1833–1896

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain! By His coun - sels guide, up -
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain! 'Neath His wings se - cure - ly
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain! When life's per - ils thick con -
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain! Keep love's ban-ner float - ing
hold you, With His sheep se- cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we
o'er you, Smite death's threat-'ning wave be-fore you; God be with you till we
REFRAIN
meet a - gain! Till we meet! Till we meet!
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!
Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet! . . .
Till we meet! Till we meet!
Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain! A - MEN.
Till we meet a - gain!

May be sung without the Refrain

Prayer for Families

Lois Stanley — Archie M. Boothe, Jr.


Quietly, In Unison
1. Dear Sav - iour, let Thy gra - cious peace Our homes and fam' - lies
2. May all that's joy - ful, all that's pain Be shared and brought to
3. To - ge - ther work, to - ge - ther grow, All child - like in our
bless; Let love a - kin to Thine in-crease, That bonds of ten - der-
Thee. In Thy deep cru - ci - ble we gain New life, new sight, and
need; May all the years Thou dost be - stow Con - firm and streng - then
ness ne'er cease Through - out life's wea - ry stress.
leave the bane, From sin and sor - row free. A - men.
all we know Of peace and joy in Thee.

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The hymn, *Prayer for Families,* was composed for premier presentation at the 1962 National Methodist Conference on Family Life. The text and tune were winners of the Charles Wesley Award, sponsored by TOGETHER, the midmonth magazine for Methodist families, and the hymn is published for the first time in the November, 1962, issue of TOGETHER. Miss Lois Stanley, author of the words, is a member of Highlawn Methodist Church, Huntington, West Virginia; she is a veteran music teacher in the Huntington public schools. Archie M. Boothe, Jr., composer of the tune, is Director of Music at 1,300-member Central Methodist Church, Staunton, Virginia.